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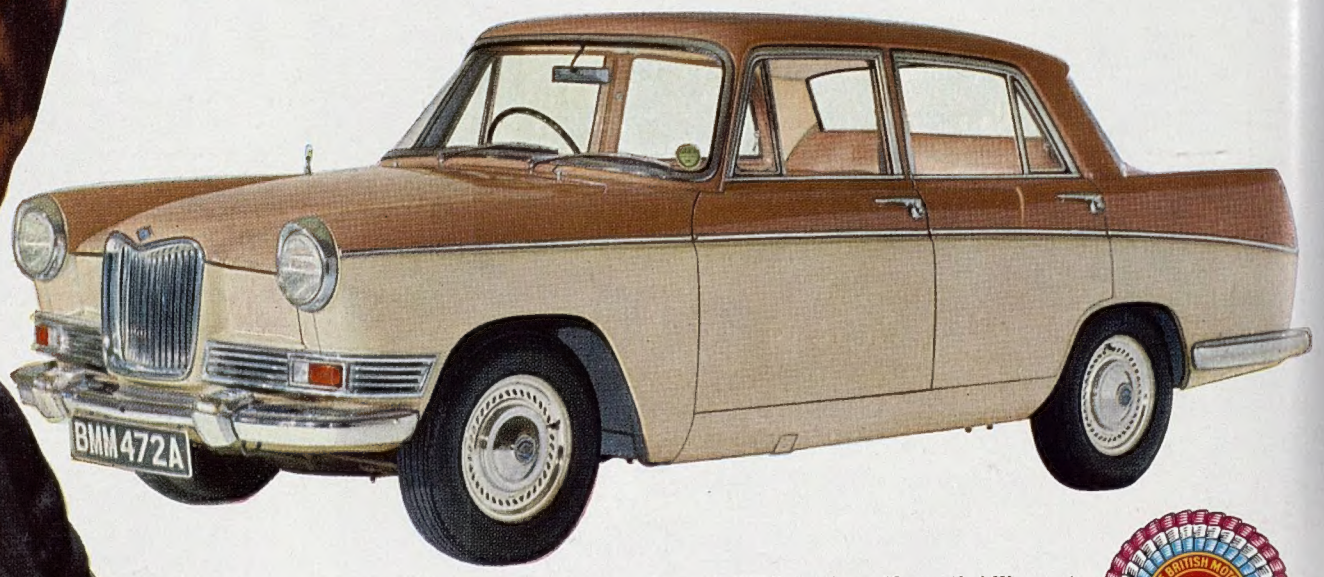

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THE SPHERE

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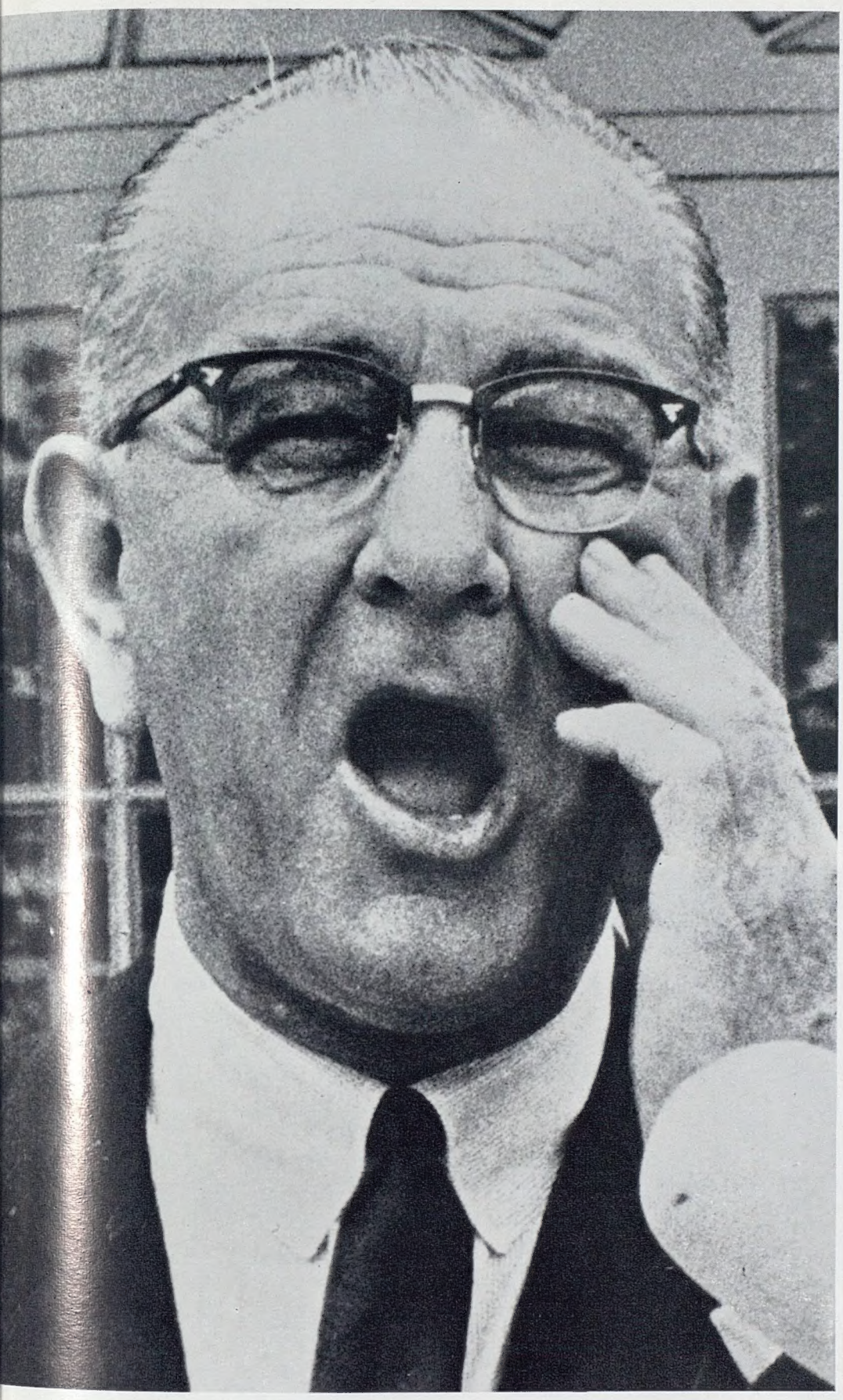

POSERS FOR THE PRESIDENT?

The Chief Executive of the United States appears to be pondering some very tricky questions. In fact this photograph was taken as he was addressing a recent clothing convention in New York. Yet whatever engagement President Johnson is undertaking, the very grave problems currently facing America can never be out of his mind. Last week the situation in S.E. Asia deteriorated rapidly. At home the President was still fighting the Civil Rights battle. And daily the calendar comes nearer to the Presidential election date (see also News Summary)

NEWS SUMMARY

A plan for world development; the shortage of beef in Britain

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INTERNATIONAL

At the United Nations Trade and Development Conference in Geneva last week a document was circulated by 75 developing countries proposing the establishment of a permanent and comprehensive organisation for the co-ordination of all work relating to international trade and development. The draft recommended as a first step that the conference should be continued as an organ of the UN General Assembly, meeting every three years. Western officials raised the objection that voting strength in the proposed body should reflect trading scope and that a new body was superfluous as the UN Economic and Social Council already existed and Gatt handled about 80 per cent. of the world's trade. (News of S. E. Asia with special reference to the US involvement is on pp. 318-319.)

GREAT BRITAIN

Rising prices of beef, due to shortages of supply, caused a furore last week. On his return from the British Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow, Mr Soames, the Minister of Agriculture, had to face a situation which could be politically exploited against the Government. However, those wishing to keep the matter in perspective noted that this was probably another fluctuation in the British beef market, which often suffers from swings in one direction or another (e.g., a year ago the market was glutted with unexpectedly heavy shipments from Argentina). The current shortage is basically caused by a drop in imports (due this time to shortage in Argentina) and heavy buying by Continental buyers in the British market because prices are lower here than in their own countries.

By Monday morning of this week it was officially stated there were 48 confirmed cases of typhoid in Aberdeen. More cases were expected to be notified.

MIDDLE EAST

At the end of Mr Khrushchev's Egyptian visit, it was announced that the Soviet Union had agreed to give a loan of £100 million to Egypt. In a joint communiqué the Soviet Prime Minister and President Nasser expressed their support for the "anti-colonialist" struggles of the South Arabian and other peoples, and called for the end of the foreign bases in Libya, Cyprus, Oman and Aden (see also D. J. S. Thomson on External Affairs, pp. 320-321).

BRITISH GUIANA

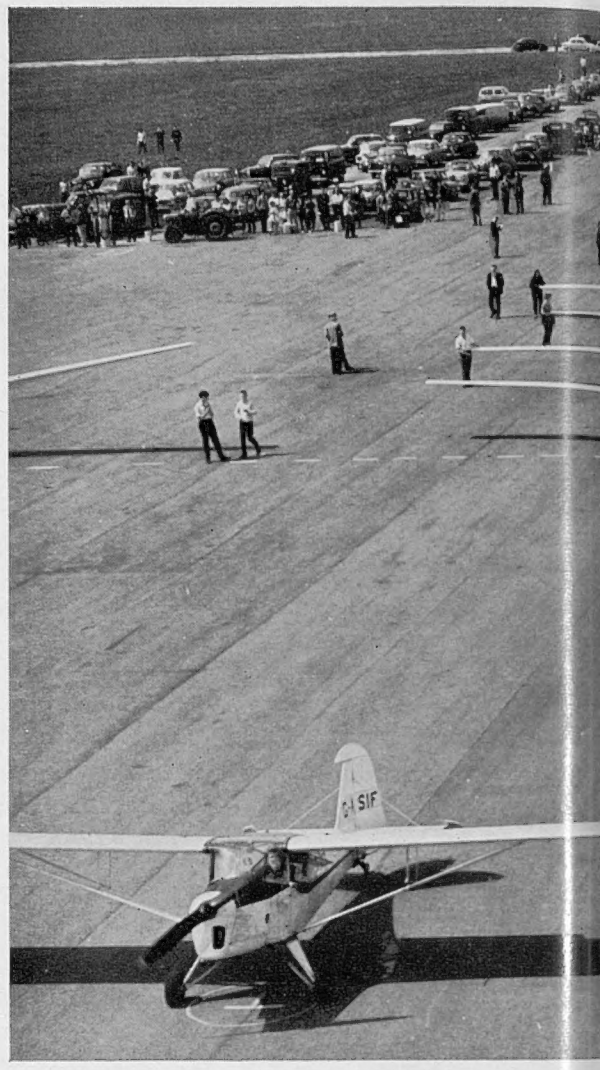
For the third time in three years a state of emergency has been declared in British Guiana. Relations between the Indian and African communities have been steadily worsening since the start of the sugar workers' strike in January. In the last three months 25 people have been killed, 343 injured and 525 buildings damaged. Last weekend British troops were flown out to assist the police to enforce the emergency orders and the destroyer *Decoy* sailed into Georgetown. In a broadcast the Premier, Dr Jagan, said that the disturbances were frustrating the country's plans for independence and he appealed for an end to racial strife. Early this week there were few signs that violence and tension were lessening.

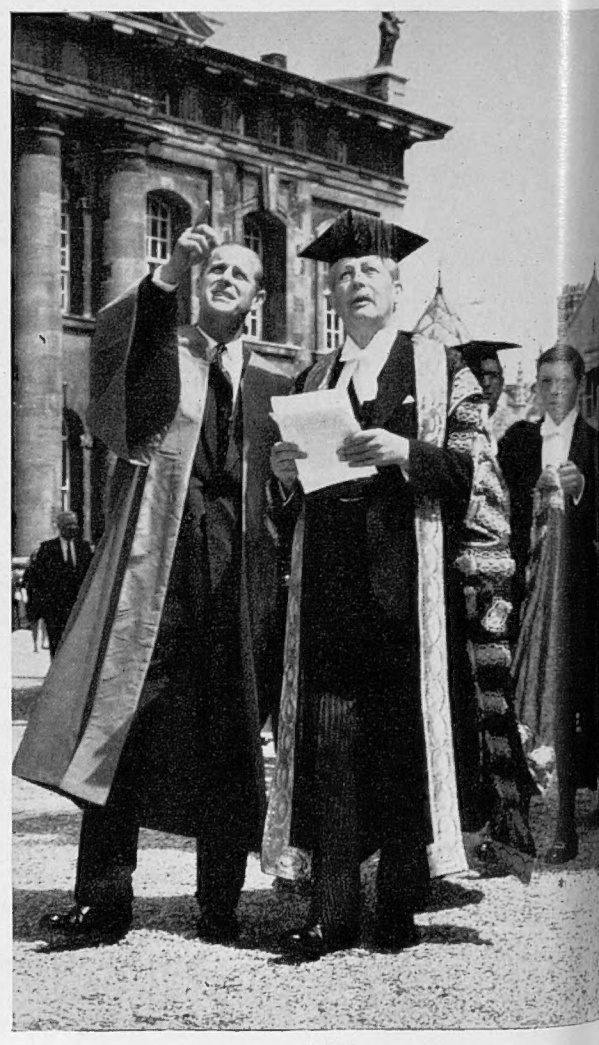
AUSTRALIA

Cloud over the rocket launching site at Woomera on Sunday delayed the firing of the Blue Streak rocket which had been planned for Monday morning. The project will be the first in a series of tests in the programme of the European Launcher Development Organisation to put a satellite into orbit in 1966. Britain's European partners in the space project are France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium and Holland. Early this week technicians were unloading some of the 27 tons of kerosene which had been fed into the rocket, and they were hoping to begin another count-down when the weather conditions cleared.

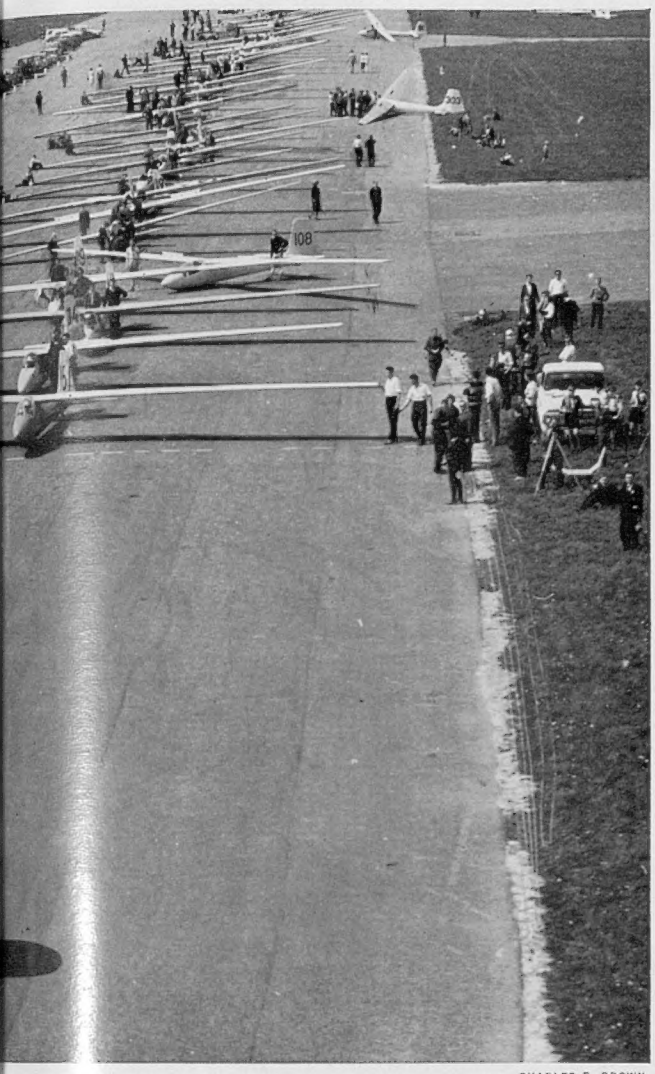
PERU

Hundreds of spectators were killed by a riot at an international football match in Lima on Sunday. Early reports put the number killed at up to 350. The riot began when a Uruguayan referee called off the Olympic qualifying match between Argentina and Peru after he had been attacked by two Peruvian supporters. The referee had disallowed a Peruvian goal two minutes before time, when Argentina were leading 1—0. Mounted police hurled tear gas bombs into the crowd of 40,000 as police escorted the Argentine team and the referee to safety.





Above: Madame Dassault and her husband Marcel, head of one of France's leading construction companies, seen in Paris after she had been kidnapped for 36 hours. She was found in an abandoned farmhouse near Paris. The reasons for the kidnapping had still to be established. Three men have been arrested



CHARLES E. BROWN

Above: Greek Cypriot police carry out a check for arms in Cyprus after the shooting of a Finnish soldier in the United Nations peace-keeping force. This was the first fatal casualty suffered by the peace force

Above left: The launching point at the National Gliding Championships at Lasham, Hants. The new British Gliding Champion is Mr John S. Fielden from Seaton, Devon, who scored 3,571 points out of a possible 4,000

Above right: The Rev. Sithole (centre), leader of the Zimbabwe African National Union in Southern Rhodesia, leads delegates in a dance during a break at the Union's conference at Gwelo. He said the Union would oppose unilateral independence in Southern Rhodesia

Left: During their state visit to West Germany, King Mahendra and Queen Ratna of Nepal are with President Lübke and his wife in Bruehl

Centre left: The Duke of Edinburgh and Mr Macmillan discuss an architectural point as they walk in procession through Oxford. The Duke received the D.C.L. by diploma in Convocation presided over by Mr Macmillan as Chancellor of the University

Left: Sir William Leggatt, the Agent-General in London for Victoria, receives a presentation shield from Miss Bertha James, the chairman of the Chislehurst and Sidcup Urban District Council, at Victoria House, London. The shield was made by boys of the Foots Cray, Kent, technical high school for the mayor of Footscray, Victoria. This was one of the last official acts of Sir William Leggatt, who retired this week from the post of Agent-General in London after serving for eight years. He has now returned to Melbourne

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

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A grip from Mr Mikoyan:
The Soviet First Deputy Prime Minister (centre on left side of table) demonstrates a wrestling grip at a party in Tokyo with leading wrestlers, some of whom are sitting opposite him. He had just attended a wrestling tournament in which they had performed. Mr Mikoyan was in Japan heading a delegation hoping to arrange large-scale purchases of Soviet goods

Dutch Police in the City of London
In the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. James Harman, looks at a souvenir book on Amsterdam presented to him by eight members of the Amsterdam Volunteer Policemen who were on a three-day visit to London

Sudan Leader's Visit
On arrival in India for a State Visit, the President of Sudan, General Abboud, wears the welcoming garland as he is greeted by President Dr S. Radhakrishnan. President Abboud was due in London this week for his State Visit to Britain

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

← Cancer Appeal London reception

Mr Angus Ogilvy, Patron of the Betatron Cancer Appeal Trust, is seen with Florence Desmond, President of the Appeal. A fund will buy a £150,000 Betatron machine which can be used for the treatment of certain types of cancer

↑ The Duchess in the galley

The Duchess of Gloucester inspects the galley in *HMS London* during a visit to Spithead. She launched *London*, Britain's latest guided missile destroyer, at Wallsend-on-Tyne in 1961. The vessel is engaged on its working up programme

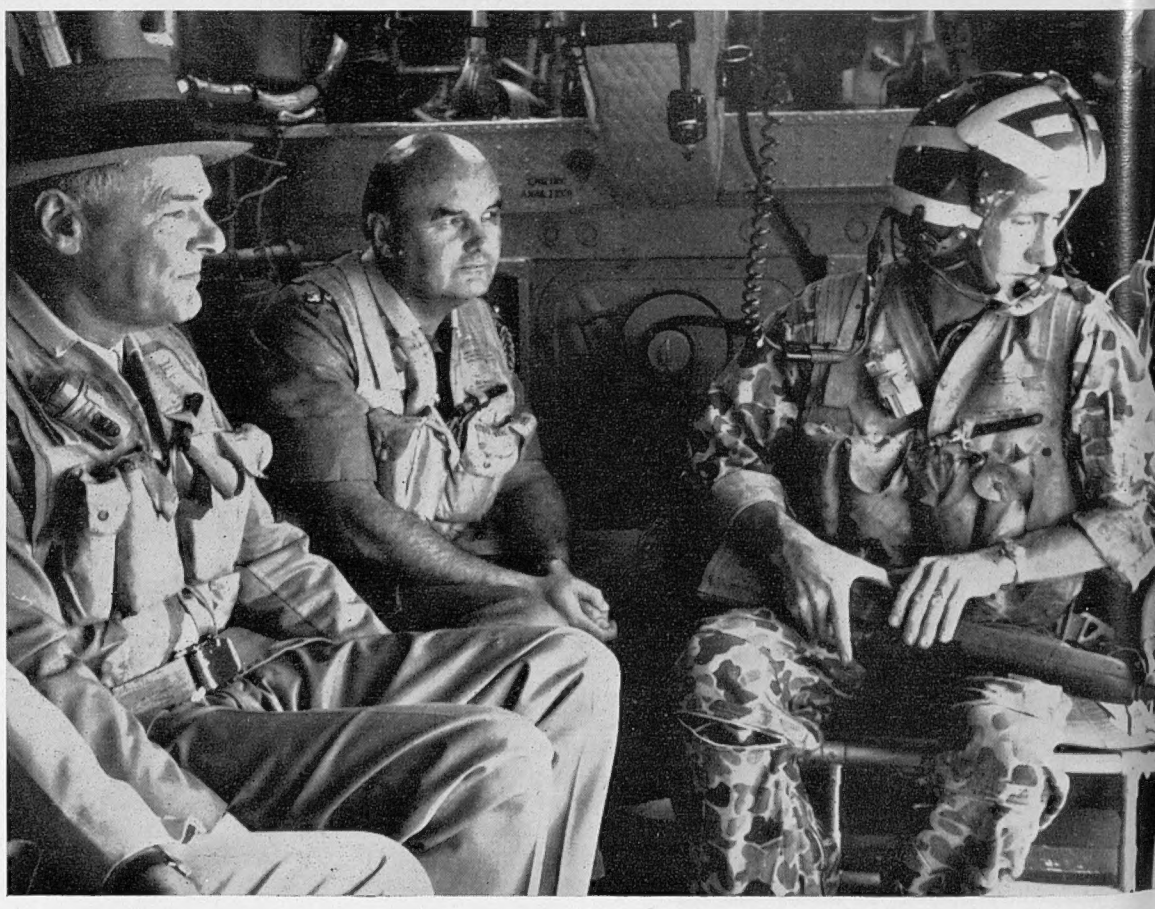
↑ Pomp and solemnity in Edinburgh

This year's Moderator, the Right Rev. Duncan Fraser, addresses the opening session of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The opening of the Assembly was preceded by the service in St. Giles' Cathedral, and attended with all its traditional pomp and solemnity. The Lord High Commissioner this year is General Sir Richard O'Connor

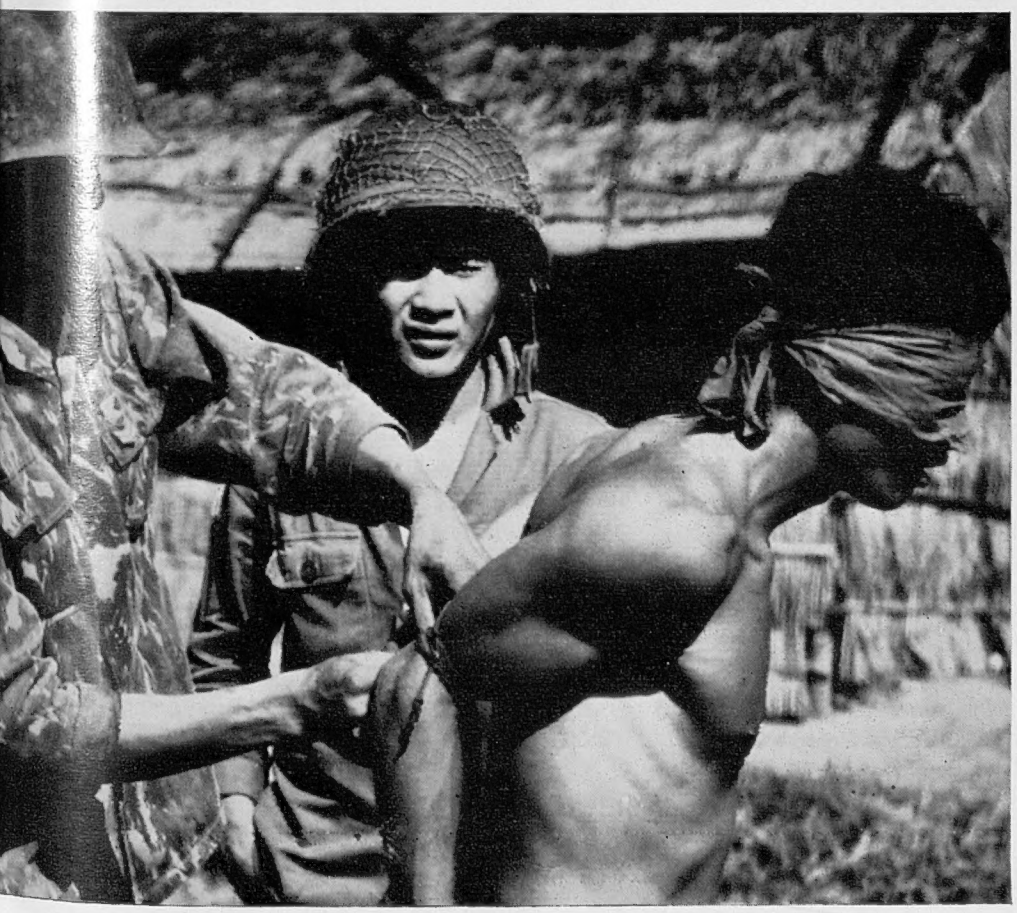
COMMUNIST DRIVE IN S. E. ASIA

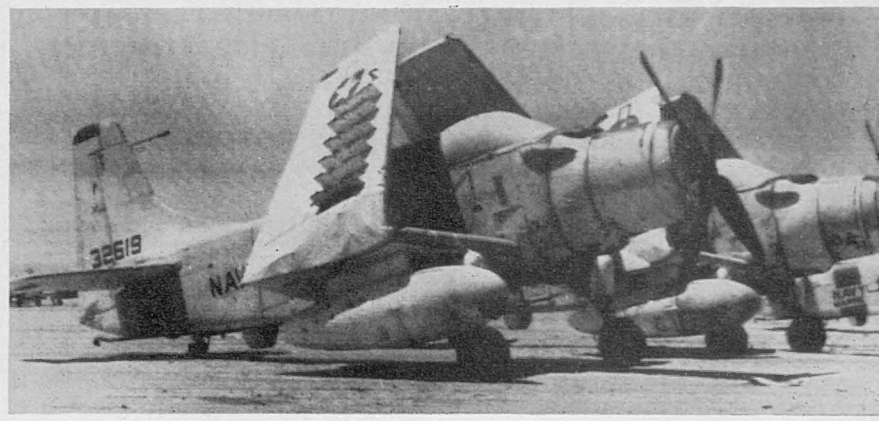
318 The danger of a major explosion in South East Asia increased last week as the situation in Laos went from bad to worse. The neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma seemed to have lost control of most of the country. Their forces were reported to have been driven from the Plain of Jars by the Communist Pathet Lao. Although there was a possibility of talks between the neutralists and Pathet Lao leaders, there was little prospect of them being any more successful than the many previous discussions.

Neutralist Laos is guaranteed by the Geneva conference of 1962 and this is where the major powers are drawn directly into its affairs. Early this week opinion was said to be divided about what the next step should be. Britain and the United States were understood to favour the idea of talks in Vientiane, the Laotian capital, between the 14 nations concerned in the Geneva agreement. France and the Soviet Union, on the other hand, were believed to be asking for the Geneva conference to be re-convened for discussion of the broader aspects of South East Asian problems. This would mean that, as well as Laos, South Vietnam would also certainly be on the agenda. South Vietnam is the country in which America is perhaps most committed in the South East Asian struggle against the Communists. Speaking to the Security Council in New York last week, Mr Adlai Stevenson reaffirmed the American policy of standing by undertakings to the peoples of South East Asia, even though the situation was deteriorating. While the tone of the Administration was firm but moderate, there were known to be extremists in the US favouring all-out war in South East Asia in the forlorn hope of eradicating Communism.



Above: King Savang Vatthana of Laos inspects a guard of honour at Wattay Airport, outside Vientiane
Top: In the United Nations at New York, the Laos crisis is discussed by the US Ambassador to the UN, Mr Adlai Stevenson (left), the French delegate, M Roger Seydoux, and the UN Secretary-General, U Thant
Right: In South Vietnam, Mr Henry Cabot Lodge, the US Ambassador (left), flies by helicopter to visit an American warship. Recently US aid has been stepped up to the South Vietnamese in their struggle against the Communists





Above: At the Litchfield Park Naval Air Station in a suburb of Phoenix, Arizona, in the United States, " mothballed " Navy Skyraider aircraft are being re-conditioned for operation in South Vietnam

Top: During the delivery of supplies to the front, South Vietnam troops and their US advisers move fast under fire from the Communist enemy. Landings by helicopter are often made in small jungle clearings

Left: A blindfolded Communist Vietcong prisoner has his hands bound by Government troops after an operation south of Saigon

THE NEUTRALIST DILEMMA

320 In attending the completion of the first stage of the Aswan High Dam, Mr Khrushchev paid his first visit to both the Middle East and Africa. The Soviet leader was given a tremendous reception. Understandably perhaps, he said things in what was literally the heat of the moment that might have been better left unsaid. But even in cooler climates Mr Khrushchev has always shown a weakness for the proverbial phrase and the impromptu speech. How much greater must have been the temptation in the company of four Arab Presidents, who have all become major recipients of Soviet aid!

Without Russian money and technicians, President Nasser's High Dam at Aswan would probably still be a mere blueprint. President Ben Bella of Algeria has only recently returned from Moscow, where he was treated as an honoured guest and given a substantial loan. Another recent visitor to Moscow was President Sallal of the Yemen Republic, which owes its survival even more to Soviet arms than to Egyptian troops. And, although President Arif of Iraq is regarded with less favour in Moscow than his three colleagues, he too is in receipt of considerable Soviet aid.

In his first major speech at Aswan, Mr Khrushchev was reasonably circumspect, but even then his hosts must have had some embarrassing moments. For, in condemning Western aid to underdeveloped countries as mere disguised exploitation, the Soviet Premier overlooked the fact that, while the Soviet Union is lending President Nasser £100 million over ten years, the American Government is giving him aid—mainly in the form of wheat—to the value of some £70 million a year. However grateful President Nasser may be for the Soviet loan, he is hardly likely to relish the suggestion that he should look the American gift-horse in the mouth. And, while the Soviet loan to Algeria may have strengthened President Ben Bella's hand in negotiating with the French, he has no intention of severing his economic links with France. So Mr Khrushchev's reference to Western aid as "neo-colonialist" was, to say the least, indiscreet.

But in a subsequent speech at Aswan the Soviet leader revealed that his previous remarks had not been mere indiscretions. He made it abundantly clear that he had little or no time for Arab unity—"What should we Russians among you do? Pack up our things and go home?"—and still less time for the policy of non-alignment pursued by his Arab hosts. He called upon the Arab leaders to embrace the philosophy of Lenin and to join in the international struggle against capitalism. It was an extraordinary speech to make as the guest of a man whose whole prestige rests upon his outspoken championship of the cause of Arab unity and his sincere belief in a policy of non-alignment.

Why did Mr Khrushchev choose to tarnish what might have been an immense personal triumph by brandishing the Red Flag? Why did he feel it necessary to underline the fact that Soviet technicians are in Africa not merely for their skills but also for their politics, as representatives of Russian communism, the only brand of socialism Mr Khrushchev recognises?

Above: Pressing the button to set off the explosion for the Aswan High Dam diversion on the Nile are President Nasser, Mr Khrushchev, President Arif of Iraq and President Sallal of the Republic of Yemen **Right:** Mrs Khrushchev and Madame Nasser, the wife of the UAR President, enjoy a talk together at Luxor

Mr Khrushchev is fighting a cold war on two fronts. In lending his support to the so-called war of liberation in Southern Arabia and to President Nasser's demand for the liquidation of Western bases in the Arab world, the Soviet leader is not only pleasing his host, he is also pursuing his own policy of undermining the defences of the West in areas where the purpose of these defences, the Russian threat, is not immediately apparent. In Aden, Libya and Cyprus Mr Khruschev is quite prepared to pay lip-service to Arab unity so long as it pursues a short-term aim, the liquidation of Western bases, which coincides with his own. But in the longer term the bitterly cold war between Moscow and Pekin has forced him to preach the cause of world revolution to Arab leaders who believe essentially in national revolution, to preach the doctrine of the class struggle—"if you have horny hands you are a brother"—to men who are committed to be uncommitted in the clash between Moscow and Pekin on the one hand and communism and capitalism on the other. Last, but by no means least, the atheism that is fundamental to both Soviet and Chinese communism is anathema to the Arab leaders, who believe that socialism is quite compatible with Islam.

The four Arab republican leaders who played host to Mr Khrushchev in Egypt probably still feel confident that they can accept Soviet military and economic aid without aligning themselves on the side of Moscow on either of the cold war fronts. But to other Arab countries this form of neutralism must seem very close to brinkmanship. Whatever one may think of British policy in Southern Arabia, the fact is that without Soviet arms even 40,000 Egyptian troops in Yemen would almost certainly be unable to keep President Sallal's regime in power, much less to foment trouble on the southern border on such a scale as to require British reinforcements. And one of the political effects has been to stiffen opposition in Aden to the resumption of

Left: A vast column of sand is shot into the air as a result of the button-pressing for the dam's inauguration

Below: An informal meeting in a park in Cairo between President Nasser and Mr Khrushchev. Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko at extreme right

constitutional talks in London, although it is difficult to see how the problems of Aden and the Federation can be solved peaceably without such talks. The fact that the People's Socialist Party, whose leader was in Cairo throughout Mr Khrushchev's visit, has views on the future of Aden which do not agree with the British Government's views would seem to be a reason for participating in talks rather than boycotting them. If only Mr Khrushchev had pursued a policy of neutrality towards inter-Arab disputes, the prospects for settling the problems of Southern Arabia would be much brighter.

This is the great dilemma of the Arab neutralists. By accepting Soviet military aid to help impose a regime on the Yemen and create disorder in Southern Arabia, they have in fact accepted the strings that are attached to Soviet economic aid. For Mr Khrushchev's investment in the Aswan Dam is paying handsome dividends in the Yemen and Southern Arabia. The dividends would have been even more handsome if the British Government had not acted quickly and firmly to stem the tribal revolt on the Yemen border. But eventually it is President Nasser who must face up to the fact that he cannot invoke Soviet military aid to further his own revolutionary plans without himself becoming involved in Mr Khrushchev's brand of revolution. The dilemma is not going to be easy to resolve. **D. J. S. Thomson**

Above: In Aden, Major-General John Cubbon, General Officer Commanding, Middle East Land Forces, salutes at the graves of the two British soldiers whose bodies were found decapitated near the Yemeni border earlier this month. They were buried with full military honours

Above left: Mr Hugh Fraser, British Air Defence Minister, talks to British troops on Coca Cola Ridge. This is a forward position in the operations in the Radfan area of the South Arabian Federation

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

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" Chippinge " and Devizes

Stanley Weyman in *Chippinge* inimitably painted a pre-reform bill election in the West Country and, though he misnamed the Bristol Quarter Sessions as Assizes and did not realise that the third reading is the final stage of a Bill, he got admirably into the period of the Reform Bill in that book. How different in 1964 was the election at a Wiltshire " Chippinge." Then there were a dozen electors, and one recalcitrant tradesman could turn the scales. Nowadays, till the votes are counted, the intentions of thousands of electors remain a closed book, despite promises of support. Then the patrons and landlords could threaten; today they must humbly woo. Then all knew which was the party of Reform. Today it is a matter for argument and persuasion. But the fictional and the Devizes election had one thing in common. Both sides regarded them as of supreme importance, and neither side could feel sure of victory. For my part, I chalk up the holding of Devizes and Winchester and Bury, too, as unexpected comfort for the Tories after the confident expectations of the Socialists and the depressing Gallup trends. For the Liberals it was a costly campaign. Of course, it is all to do again in a few months' time (as it was at " Chippinge "). But neither at Devizes nor at Winchester in October should these seats appear much more " marginal "; and " the men in possession " have five months in which to recommend themselves to the electors as " useful " M.P.s.

Leisure and pleasure

I have been often told that pessimism and apprehension are characteristic in the Gore family. Certainly, I shared Lord Arran's apprehensions, expressed in the House of Lords debate, concerning the " insufferable sufficiency " of leisure when men work for a maximum of 24 hours a week with four months' holiday a year. Even if the 24-hour week would provide the means to spend those long, long holidays " seeing the world in luxury liners," I doubt if a " Minister of Happiness " could teach us to bear them. Soon enough he would be facing deputations of the unemployed demanding insistently: *give us work.* The trivial pleasures must inevitably cloy. Betting, sightseeing, Bingo, the Beatles, football and fruit-machines, have not proved all-sufficient to make even one month's leisure ideally happy. The cage we live in is a squirrel's cage, and there is no room to increase its amenities. Even if we were prepared to play and not merely watch games, the remaining acreage of our island is mortgaged to bricks and mortar; and open spaces and nature reserves shrink rather than grow. Even pot-holes are limited for the adventurous. The cliché that you cannot make people good by Act of Parliament is as terribly true of Government attempts to make people happy. The prospects of greatly increased leisure are more terrible today than those of nuclear war. The latter at least settles something. The former is merely more unsettling. In their hearts, all men who consider the right use of leisure know that leisure has no meaning divorced from honest work.

Above: In front of his *Christ and Mary Magdalene* is David Wynne, a 38-year-old sculptor who has an exhibition at Tooths in London until June 6
Above right: Mr Y. Tajima, London manager of the Tokai Bank, and Mr H. F. Middlecot, the Bank's adviser, cut a cake to celebrate the opening of the new premises of the Bank in Mincing Lane.
Right: The Guides at the London Stock Exchange have chosen a new uniform for the summer months. They are, from left: Miss P. Verity, Miss S. Pretty, Miss M. Johanson, and Miss C. Theisen

Old Wimbledon

At a time when the most sacred open spaces in the crowded south—even the New Forest—are being sacrificed to " progress," it is astonishing to reflect on the endurance of Wimbledon Common and the old village, now merged into Greater London's Merton Borough and " improved " at last to fit its new distinction. Old Wimbledon village until almost " the other day " retained features which the Spencers would have recognised when they owned Wimbledon Park in Reform Bill days and all the land that the Mecca of lawn tennis now covers. On the Common, the Windmill—the first to be erected near London and replaced in 1895—has survived many threats, and the cattle pound still stands. The round pond is unchanged and, on the west side, the red facade of the long, low 18th-century house in which lived Pitt and the Dundases, remains exactly as it was when I was born in it in late Victorian times. In my childhood, and in that also of my uncle, Bishop Gore, who was also born in the big house, our daily walk was to the village skirting the round pond to buy " kickshaws "' and leave boots for repair. Other features which obstinately survived unchanged were graceful Eagle House, at the top of the old village and (in name at least) the " Crooked Billet " on the west side, where in Victorian days our cowman enjoyed his modest pint. I still possess the game book I kept in 1903-5, and it records quite a decent bag of partridges, pheasants, rabbits and even wild duck (considering that our acreage was but 42 acres and Hyde Park Corner less than seven miles away). The inhabitants in earlier days united to resist change. As long ago as 1865 they killed a plan by Lord Spencer to enclose the Common and turn it into a " park." And it was my grandmother, a very old resident, who averted the first threat to remove the windmill in the same year.

The rival critics

It does not matter who " Mr W. H." (the only begetter of the Shakespeare sonnets) may have been, although Dr A. L. Rowse spent a lot of time writing a book which " as a matter of fact " proved beyond doubt that " Mr W. H." was Sir William Harvey, third husband of Lady Southampton, who assembled the sonnets for Thorpe, the publisher. Dr Rowse also " proved " that the sonnets were written before 1594 and published in 1609, that Shakespeare was not a homosexual, that young Southampton was, that the dark lady did not keep a brothel, and that Marlowe was the rival poet. How many of these proven facts " matter," Dr Rowse did not specify at Covent Garden the other day. But he made it very clear that a century of probing by *rival* Shakespearean critics into the origins and provenance of the Sonnets didn't matter at all. But the theory that " nothing matters "—that " it will be all the same a hundred years hence (or 400)"—gets us nowhere. Humanity can't fold its hands and wait for death. Shakespeare matters a lot to me and, if Dr Rowse would

Left: Sir Mortimer Wheeler uses a Soundguide, an innovation in the British Museum. For 2s 6d visitors can hear a 45-minute tape-recorded commentary
Below: On the sporting beat—entrants competing in the Metropolitan Police Athletic Association's Barking to Southend Walk, held annually

write another book proving beyond doubt the date of Shakespeare's birth, where he was educated, how he spent his " lost years " and what became of a majority of his books and manuscripts when he died, he would confer a still greater benefit on one esoteric amateur. " Mr W. H." may not matter much. Mr W. S. matters a lot; but still, as of old, we can't see the wood for the trees. Osbert Lancaster, fed up with the controversy, is alleged to have said that he didn't care if Dr Rowse was, or was not, the dark lady.

Gibson girl

A late note on Nancy Astor: It might surprise the younger generations whose knowledge of Lady Astor began only when she had become a dominant force in social and political life in England that she had quite a struggle in the mid-Edwardian era before " Society "—still Victorian—accepted her. " Ought we to visit her?" was discussed by the " great ladies " of that day. In 1906 she married Waldorf Astor, having divorced her first husband, Robert Shaw, in 1903. The decision of High Society was a provisional yes; and thereafter High Society fed out of her hand. It need not have worried. All her life she had the innocence of a child, albeit often enough she was *enfant terrible*. Whatever the " Cliveden set " has been charged with, it has never been accused of lacking a high moral standard. It " lived laborious days," encouraged controversy on all subjects of the day, and set a fine example of high, if sometimes mistaken, ideals at a time when the sins of society were pilloried in the pulpit. All sorts and conditions of men and women enjoyed Cliveden's hospitality; the habitués were Milner's young men, " the Kindergarten," Kerr, Brand, Dawson, Curtis and the rest. One may still in retrospect trounce their political opinions, but they certainly would not have been at Cliveden, if it had not stood for virtue and high ideals. But Cliveden could be embarrassing for young men of less accepted promise, who were asked to stay there. For *she* was a tease, and the " Kindergarten " was rather overpoweringly Olympian.

Nancy Astor was a thoroughly genuine person even when she appeared to show off. Her gaiety, her kindness of heart, her humanity, her democracy, her religion (Christian Science), all were genuine. The Mother of Parliaments went to Virginia, USA, for her first lady member, and ever since has usually had recourse to the States in adopting new ideas and fashions. In many instances that has been a pity, but not, I think, in the case of Nancy Astor.

Trade circulars

No doubt reference books such as *Who's Who* or *Kelly's* are a useful source for supplying the names of householders who might be capable of buying expensive products advertised by circulars. But these reference books, though they supply much information about important or semi-important individuals, never reveal the state of the subject's bank balances. Even if their home addresses sound wealthy (Castle or Hall), it does not follow that the residents have plenty to spend on luxuries. An enormous waste in postage, stationery and labour results when circularisers do not trouble to study the information that *is* available. It is a waste of time to offer an octogenarian a sports-car which reaches 120 m.p.h., or one who lists his recreations as " anything but sport," a double-barrelled shotgun at £250. For years on end, especially at Christmas time, I have been impressed by this failure to sift and use such available information about " prospects." In my own modest notice, I don't " read " like a man who will buy a gold and jewelled cigar cutter; as a late Victorian, I am very unlikely to buy a racing car, or skin-diving equipment. Yet I am constantly offered all sorts of new products, which careful examination of my biographical details would show to be a waste of time. *The Old Stager*

MOSQUITOES FLY AGAIN

In 1944 "No. 633" Squadron, RAF, flying Mosquitoes, has the task of destroying in Norway a solid fuel factory which would assist German rocket attacks from bases in France and Belgium. How the squadron prepare and carry out the mission is the subject of *633 Squadron* which has its world premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre, London, on June 4. Proceeds from the premiere will go to the RAF Benevolent Fund, the RAF Association and the Pathfinders Association. The film is presented by the Mirisch Corporation and is released through United Artists. The stars are Cliff Robertson as Wing-Commander Roy Grant, George Chakiris as Lieut. Erik Bergman and Maria Perschy as his sister Hilde.

Top: Cliff Robertson and Angus Lennie play pilot and navigator
Above: George Chakiris as the Norwegian resistance leader
Right: Cliff Robertson, as the Wing-Commander helps Maria Perschy (plays Hilde Bergman) from his jeep

Top: After an attack a Mosquito returns with a damaged tail. The few remaining Mosquito fighter-bombers were gathered together from several countries for this film
Above: The bombing of the Gestapo headquarters
Left: A Messerschmitt fighter plane attacks a Mosquito base

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

NORTHERN RHODESIA

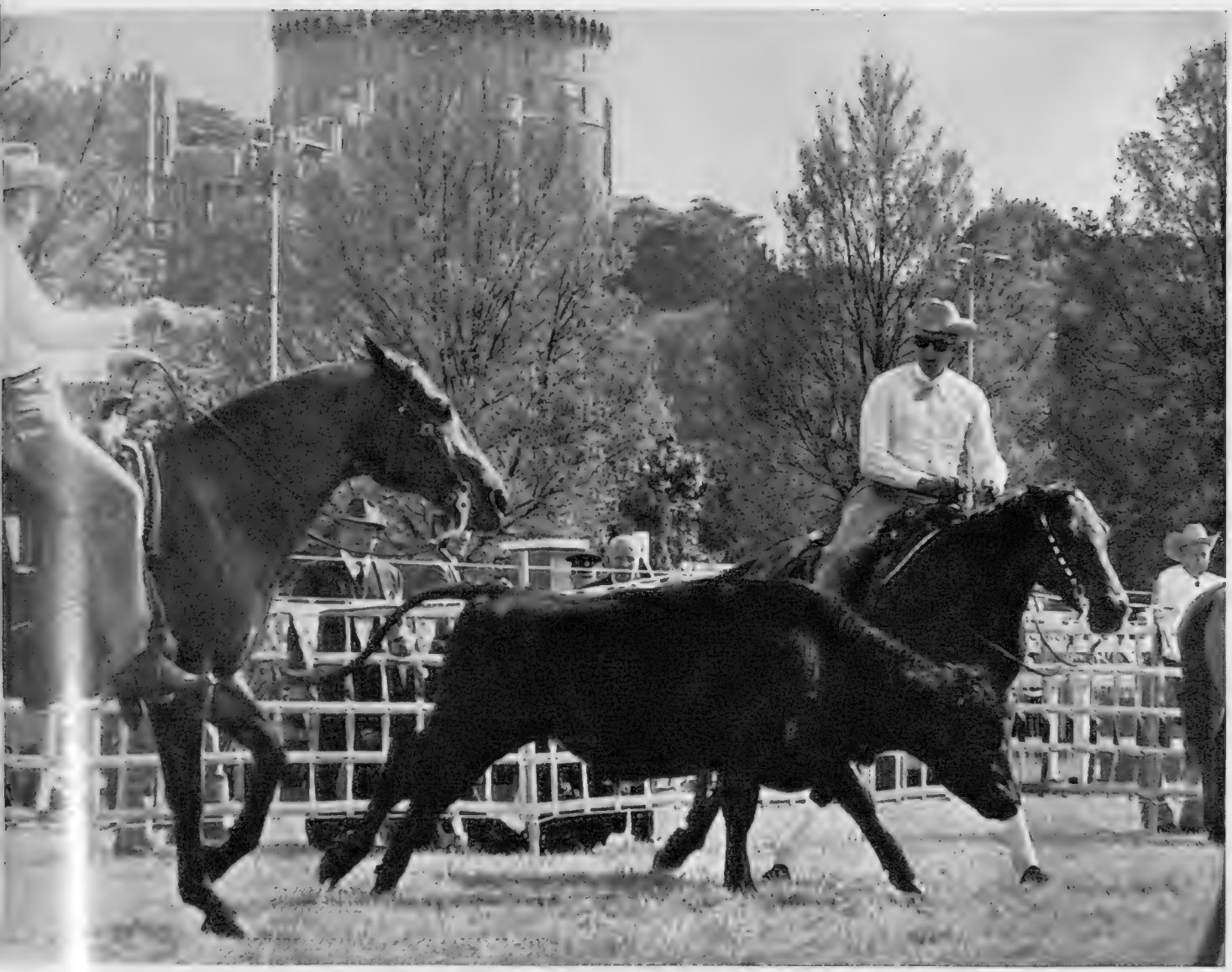
A strong constitution for the new Republic

At the final session in London of the Northern Rhodesian Independence Conference, Mr Duncan Sandys, the British Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, said that the British Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia would become independent on October 24 this year.

The country will be renamed the Republic of Zambia, and as such will be the first British dependency to become a Republic immediately on achieving independence. In other parts of the Commonwealth the pattern has been for the newly independent country to remain for a year or two as a monarchy before changing to a republican form with a President as Head of State. For agreeing to an immediate assumption of republican status, the British Government and people were thanked by Dr Kenneth Kaunda, the Prime Minister, seen above, making his speech at the final session.

The new Republic of Zambia will have a national constitution which combines " important features of both the British and the American constitutions." The President of Zambia will have executive powers as in Washington but his Ministers will be members of the Legislature.

Right: Recruits to the 2nd Battalion, Northern Rhodesia Regiment, are inspected on their passing out parade by General Lea, the General Officer Commanding Forces, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland



Left: With Windsor Castle in the background, Canadian farmers from Vancouver compete in a Cutting Horse competition for a cup presented by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. The event, similar to a Western rodeo, involves brilliant horsemanship in marshalling steers. The Canadians brought their own horses but the steers were borrowed from a local farmer. The Canadians were at Windsor at the special invitation of the Duke of Edinburgh who said the display would give an English show "a real shot in the arm." A chestnut mare cutting pony was presented by the Canadians to the Duke on the final day of the show. They hope that he will be able to use it as a polo pony. The team will visit various shows throughout England during the summer
Below: Don Mackay, President of the Canadian Cutting Horse Association

Left: East African leaders meet in Nairobi to discuss common affairs: President Nyerere of Tanganyika and Zanzibar (right); Jomo Kenyatta, Prime Minister of Kenya; and Milton Obote, Prime Minister of Uganda

Above: The exiled Sultan of Zanzibar (seen here during his reign) is to receive £100,000 from Britain. Part is compensation for his surrender of sovereignty over the Kenyan coastal strip. The Sultan is now in Britain

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH *continued from page 327*

Above: The first High Commissioner for Mauritius in London, Dr Leckraz Teelock, photographed with his wife and his 15-year-old daughter Antali at a reception in London. Dr Teelock took his medical degree at Edinburgh in 1937
Below: Ghanaian women aim for equality with men. Here, a woman traffic warden receives her Certificate of Proficiency at a Passing Out ceremony in Kumasi, Ashanti. The city council has enlisted 16 women to help with traffic control and help pedestrians at zebra crossings
Right: A pole that will eventually grace New Zealand House in London takes shape under the hands of Inia Te Wiata, the Maori singer. He is seen at work carving one of the 16 figures that will form part of the completed Pouihi pole. Each figure, cut in Totaro wood, is 7 ft. 6 ins. tall. Inia lives at Otaki in New Zealand

Right centre: Air hostesses from Australia and Malaysia exchange duties. At the office of the Malaysian Minister of Transport, Dato Sardon bin Haji Jubir, Miss Betty Wee shakes hands with the Minister. She is one of the two Malaysian air hostesses who changed places for a fortnight with two air hostesses from the Trans-Australia Airlines, Miss Robin Bright and Miss Vivien Magee, standing behind Miss Wee. Behind the Minister are Enche Sidek bin Alwi, the manager of Malaysian Airways and Mr T. K. Critchley, the Australian High Commissioner in Kuala Lumpur
Right: During his tour of army units in Singapore, in the earlier part of the month, His Majesty the Yang di-Pertuan Agong meets officers of the 4th Transport Company of the Federation Supplies and Transport Services at Kallang Camp

SHAPES AT THE EXPO

Photographs by J. Allan Cash

A lakeside park at Lausanne is the setting of the Swiss National Exhibition. For the past two years a variety of architectural shapes that house the exhibition have been under construction in a 137-acre site overlooking Lake Geneva and the French Alps. The Swiss hold their national exhibition only four times every century—the last one was staged in pre-war Zurich in 1939—and have had time to tackle this year's with characteristic thoroughness.

The "Expo," as the Swiss call it, is expected to bring over 15 million visitors to Lausanne this summer. For six months, until October 25, the lakeside town is promoted "capital of Switzerland." All parts of the highly diverse country have contributed to the exhibition, so that the percipient visitor may learn more about Switzerland in a few hours than in travelling around the country for weeks. "The Path of Switzerland," the thematic backbone to the exhibition, leads one eventually to the waterside where a group of pyramid-shaped buildings represent "Swiss Unity in Diversity." The German, French, Italian and Romansh language groups are each represented by a pyramid. Not far away is the gigantic pyramid of flags representing in every colour of the rainbow the 3,000 communities of Switzerland.

Every exhibition has its symbol, the focal point around which the exhibition—and much of its publicity—rotates. At the Festival of Britain it was the Skylon; at Brussels, the Atomium; at Seattle, the Space Needle. Lausanne's chief attraction, if it is not the *Mesoscaph*, the Expo's tourist submarine, must be the Spiral Tower, an ingenious extension of the skyscraping, rotating restaurant idea. A cylindrical lift car with space for 60 passengers climbs a steel tower soaring 262 feet above the trees of the park. As it rises, it revolves, giving its passengers a spiral view of the exhibition grounds and, beyond them, the lake and mountains. *Further pictures appear overleaf.*

Above: At the Swiss National Exhibition in Lausanne, canvas tents house many of the restaurants by the waterside
Left: Another sweep of coloured canvas
Below: The Swiss skill at display work is shown in these glass globes with shoes, jewellery and clothing, lit from below

SHAPES AT THE EXPO *continued from page 329*

Above: The Lake of Geneva and the east end of the Swiss National Exhibition that will be there until October 25. The photograph was taken from the lift-car of the Spiral Tower

Left: "Le Spiral," the observation lift that rises and rotates on a 262-ft. tower, giving 60 passengers a complete view of the exhibition grounds and their wonderful setting by Lake Geneva. Another major attraction at the Expo is the *Mesoscaph*, the world's first tourist submarine. It was built at Monthey by Dr Jacques Piccard

Right: A quick way round the exhibition grounds is by means of the monorail. The trains can carry 5,000 people an hour

Above: By the waterside, some of the tented restaurants, and a corner of the port. There are 14 restaurants in the exhibition grounds, where most of Switzerland's regional specialities are served. The coloured tents were the idea of the Genevese architect M. J. Gaugey

Above right: Flags representing the 3,000 communities of Switzerland massed in a vast display

Left: The section on the Swiss Way of Life, with tulips in the foreground. During the Exhibition a special day is being dedicated to each of the Swiss cantons

Right: A monument to the Swiss genius for machinery, this comic turn in the exhibition grounds actually works, whirring gently, its various parts rising and falling, turning and twisting, and making sundry noises

A SUCCESSFUL FEDERATION

332 Arnold Bennett made his name in 1902 with *Anna of the Five Towns*, though his fame rests chiefly on *The Old Wives' Tale* and the *Clayhanger* series. But I wonder if anybody reads him now? The five towns are, of course, Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, and Longton; the Pottery towns. Few people realise that there was, in fact, a sixth Pottery town, Fenton, which lies between Longton and Stoke-on-Trent, and which was a sizeable and busy place at the time *Anna* was written. Bennett, a Hanley man, knew all about Fenton, of course, and there is some evidence that the original title of his novel was accurate. But *Anna of the Six Towns* has not quite so pleasant a ring.

Be that as it may: eight years after the publication of *Anna*, in 1910, these six famous (for Fenton had some measure of fame then) manufacturing towns joined together to form the County Borough of Stoke-on-Trent. The six towns had been growing towards each other for years and by 1910 it was already difficult, I understand, for a stranger to see where one town ended and the next began. Federation was the obvious course, for the six towns were very similar in character and were closely associated anyway because the staple industry of each was the manufacture of pottery. But the formation of such a federation was anything but easy (at least two previous attempts had failed), as anyone who knows the strength, the stubborn strength, of parochial patriotism—and this is perhaps stronger in the north Midlands than anywhere else in Britain—will appreciate.

Burslem is the oldest of the pottery towns, the true birthplace of the industry, the birthplace of Josiah Wedgwood and of Ralph Wood, the great figure potter. Burslem was not easily persuaded to surrender its identity. Longton also had a great tradition for the production of fine porcelain, dating back to the 18th century and William Littler. Tunstall, too, could boast a famous potter, William Adams, and individual pottery: moreover, Tunstall was the birthplace of Primitive Methodism, traditionally a strongly non-conformist town and disinclined to conform in this. While Hanley, in 1910, was already a County Borough and its citizens were none too pleased at the idea of forgoing that honour in favour of much smaller Stoke-on-Trent. Perhaps at that particular moment of time only Fenton had nothing to lose, except its identity. Yet all were far-seeing enough to surrender their individual identities, to suppress their ambitions, to make sacrifices, to form the new County Borough of Stoke-on-Trent. This was beyond doubt the largest experiment of its kind in local government: an outstanding example of civic sense.

It could very easily have failed. Amalgamation meant a central administration: the co-ordination of public services, education, health, housing, highways and so forth. With all the petty local jealousies that must have existed for years after amalgamation, central administration could well have meant the imposition of a rigid bureaucracy and consequent stagnation. But the first council of the new County Borough had an almost missionary vision of its task and Stoke-on-Trent has been fortunate in its leadership ever since: one gets the impression that missionary fervour has not been dimmed in the 50-odd years since federation. Certainly federation has proved a huge success. Today this is the twelfth largest city and one of the great workshops of England. Quite apart from pottery in all its forms, artistic and utilitarian, this is also a mining town, a steel and iron town, an engineering town, a rope town, a rubber town, and heaven knows what else besides. A very prosperous town and also a very proud town; anxious that the stranger should be informed of its many activities, anxious to show him them, anxious to make him feel at home. If you want to see over a pottery, you have but to ask. I even found the police helpful about parking: and that is enough to set Stoke-on-Trent apart from almost every other town in England!

Stoke-on-Trent's skyline is not entirely composed of pottery kilns. Many other industrial activities are carried on among the six towns which amalgamated in 1910 to form the County Borough of Stoke-on-Trent

But the really astonishing thing about Stoke-on-Trent is that it is still six towns. Despite all the new building, despite the very considerable amount of slum clearance and redevelopment (the centre of Burslem has been altered out of all recognition and the centre of Longton is going to be), despite the vast new suburban and industrial estates, despite the virtual disappearance of coal-fired ovens and kilns (and that has made a great difference: this is a great industrial centre and bears the indelible marks of heavy industry, but there is less industrial haze than one would expect), despite all this, despite 50 years of unification, Stoke-on-Trent is still six towns. There are, for example, six shopping centres, and six covered markets, and six town halls. The six towns amalgamated, but their citizens have taken great care to maintain their local associations, to maintain, so far as possible, an independent existence within the wider civic association.

I noticed this particularly in conversation with individuals. A man is a Hanley man or a Burslem man or a Tunstall man, not a Stoke-on-Trent man. And Burslem women shop in Burslem, Tunstall women in Tunstall, Longton women in Longton, except when they are going "a burst"; then they go to Hanley, which is, shopping-wise, rather like the West End for a London suburban housewife. In a town of little more than a quarter-of-a-million, one would have expected, in 50 years of civic association, that these places would have lost their separate identity, become districts or suburbs. Not a bit of it: 50 years of civic association have strengthened the stubborn local patriotism.

Arnold Bennett would not recognise his "five towns" now—even his birthplace has disappeared, though there is a plaque on the wall of the building which has taken its place—but he would still feel very much at home among the people. Like Dickens he portrayed the eccentricity inherent in ordinary English folk. Stoke-on-Trent is the most eccentric of towns. It is a strongly socialist town, returning three Labour members. At heart, as the existence of the six towns, despite unification and much enlightened planning, shows clearly, it remains stubbornly conservative. Which ought to give someone food for thought!

Two yachts of the Junior Offshore Group: above, *Dusty Miller*, designed by Illingworth and Primrose for Mr W. M. Henderson; and, below, Mr L. J. Fitzherbert's *Sulby*, seen racing off Cowes

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

At ten o'clock this Saturday morning a fleet of very small cruising yachts, anything up to 20 or even more in number, will be seen crossing the line of the Royal Albert YC at Southsea at the start of a race to the Nab and Poole Bar. The total length of the course is 55 miles. This does not appear on the face of it a very long race, compared to the average RORC race, but it could be strenuous enough if one considers the size of the boats. They are all members of the Junior Offshore Group, the organisation which embraces the offshore racing yachts too small to qualify for entry in RORC races.

It will be noted that the sail numbers are all surmounted by a symbol familiar to Greek scholars. It represents the letter theta. This symbol commemorates the origin and development of this now flourishing class of offshore racers. *Theta* was a big open sailing canoe in which Patrick Ellam made some most impressive open sea passages during the summer of 1949, including several crossings of the English Channel. At the end of that season he approached Captain John Illingworth, RN, the "father-figure" of ocean racing with the suggestion that a club should be formed to race such canoes in offshore events. Captain Illingworth was in favour of racing small boats offshore, but he expressed the view that the craft should be of a different type.

He suggested that they should be stable in themselves, not needing the crew to sit them out like a dinghy, that they should have enclosed sleeping accommodation for the crew, that the decks, cockpit and hatches be sea-tight and that the cabin should comprise a small galley and chart table. Patrick Ellam next commissioned Laurent Giles to design such a boat. *Sopranino* was only 17 ft. 6 ins. on the waterline and under 20 ft. overall with a beam of 5 ft. 4 ins. In the 1950 Plymouth-to-Santander Race her owner sailed *Sopranino* over the course (she could not be accepted as an entry) and, in spite of gales, arrived safely and in good fettle. She made some further outstanding voyages, one of them ending in New York. She represented the minimum size JOG racer, and in 1951 the Junior Offshore Group was founded to encourage offshore sailing and passage racing in small boats. There is now a full racing programme given by the JOG; this weekend's race is the third this season, with seven more to follow. The longest is the Cowes to Dinard race: this annual event of the Group covers a distance of about 154 miles, and starts on July 16 this year.

To fit in with the RORC classes I, II, and III, JOG boats are divided into two classes. First there was the smallest category, based on the success of *Sopranino*, of boats with 16-20 ft. LWL; as boats became bigger and bigger, the gap between 20 ft. and the minimum RORC length of 24 ft. had to be filled, and so the 16-20 ft. became class V, and the 20-24 ft. class IV. To be allowed to race, the JOG yachts have to be measured by the RORC to obtain a rating, and also inspected by the JOG's inspectors, who see to it that all the special safety rules and recommendations are satisfied. The number of boats in the JOG has grown since 1951, the latest sail number being 259.

ATLANTIC HALF-WAY HOUSE

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

As soon as we heard that ten small whales had been landed at Capelas, we drove like fury from Ponta Delgada across the island to the whaling station. For some reason I had always associated whaling with Arctic or Antarctic waters, but here we were on the volcanic basalt shore line of São Miguel, largest island of the Azores, and there lay the whales, like monstrous, shiny, black inflated oilskins, and just as dead, 30 ft. long and 15 tons " small."

There would have been more, one of the whalers said, but the sea had become rough and the boats had had to turn back. Having seen the whaling boats the day before, I was not surprised. The slim craft built of cryptomeria wood and accommodating half a dozen oarsmen, the harpooner and a supply of hand harpoons, looked to me more suitable for a quiet afternoon on the Serpentine. A motor boat had towed them out, one behind the other, to the whaling site as soon as they received a call from one of the look-out huts perched on the high coastline. The motor boat towed the dead whales back again but, in between, the whalers were on their own.

Now, in the yard of the whaling station, it was a scene of contented if rather nauseating activity, as the same whalers paddled about, up to their ankles in blood and blubber, carving up the carcasses with their long flat-ended knives. A crane hauled the gory loads of flesh up from the yard, tipping them into the factory boilers from which the oil, subsequently refined, would go to Germany, France, and Continental Portugal, as the Azoreans refer to their mother country.

The nine islands of the Azores, relics of a remote series of volcanic hiccups, straggle out of the Atlantic, nearly 800 miles west of Lisbon, over 2,000 miles from New York, and about 500 miles from Madeira. São Miguel and Santa Maria form the most south-easterly group; the former is separated by about 100 miles from the central and largest cluster (Terceira, Graciosa, S. Jorge, Pico and Faial). Finally, 135 miles to the north-west, lie the two farthest-flung outposts of Europe, Flores and Corvo, whose utter calm is about to be invaded by the arrival in Flores of a French tracking station. Attached to and between them is a miscellany of strange, uninhabited rocks, including the Formigas where those who are in the know enjoy some of the best underwater sport and deep sea fishing anywhere in the world. Facilities for both sports are available from Santa Maria, and for deep sea fishing from São Miguel.

To these two important attractions, the Azores can add a magnificence of scenery, a richness of vegetation, a curiosity of custom and history, and a rural calm, which make it completely incomprehensible that they have remained so little known. True, as anyone who still listens to the weather reports will know, the islands suffer from certain vagaries of climate, and the Azoreans claim to have four seasons in a day. In April there was an almost Yorkshire quality about the mist which unfurled round the volcanic craters, creeping down through the forests of cryptomeria, or over the tangle of wild lilies and *insenso* trees to the calm, clear lakes in the crater floors. But the temperature was ten noticeable degrees higher, and by May the barometer is usually set fair and warm for most of the summer.

Whaling is only one of the islands' occupations. Over 4,000 greenhouses on São Miguel produce close on 2 million pineapples annually. The fields, which follow the often precipitous rise and fall of the land and which sweep down in the valleys to the very edge of the sea, raise everything from corn and cabbages to tobacco and tea. Hedgerows are burdened with hydrangeas, not in mere occasional clumps, but in a continuous blue mist that goes on for mile after mile. Azaleas, rhododendrons, camelias, lilies, broom, burnish or blaze across the landscape each in their due season, not to mention a hundred other species from the homely marigold to the magnolia. New Zealand ferns, Australian eucalyptus, Brazilian wood, Scandinavian pines, Japanese cedars make madness of any botanical chart. Vines thrive on the scorched earth left in places by past torrents of scalding lava on Terceira and Pico. The hills of São Miguel are ribbed with streams; its trout fishing is excellent and its lakes abound with carp, perch and bass.

These are islands with their roots in Europe, but many an islander's hopes are turned towards the new world. Every year, several thousand emigrants leave for Canada and the United States. Almost daily there are pathetic farewells at airport or harbour. Always they come back to visit or to stay, new Americans with American clothes, American voices, but Azorean hearts, and their numbers are never greater than for the annual Santo Cristo festivities which take place on the fifth Sunday after Easter. There are other festivals, too, when flowers literally carpet the streets of the white- and colour-washed villages, each dominated by its grey and white church. The churches are usually full of Baroque extravagances, but sometimes an unexpected rarity is revealed; a beautiful set of 16th-century Flemish tiles uncovered four years ago in the Jesuit Colegio church of Angra do Heroismo on Terceira, for example; or stranger still, the vestments of John Grandisson, 14th-century Bishop of Exeter, part of which turned up in this same church and part in the Matriz church of Ponta Delgada, no one is exactly certain how or when.

The Portuguese settled the islands in the 15th century. Dutch and French settlers came, stayed and were absorbed into the population, leaving their traces in a few fair-haired, blue-eyed families, in the white-sailed Dutch windmills and in a village name on São Miguel: Bretanha. Pirates raided frequently (you can

Above: Bull-baiting in the streets of Terceira, one of the islands in the Azores
Left: The cliff-top Maia lighthouse in Santa Maria, Azores
Far left: The green and blue lakes of Sete Cidades, São Miguel. The lakes are contained in a huge volcano crater. In the foreground are some of the wild hydrangeas which grow in abundance in the islands

see the underground caches in which the inhabitants hid their grain near the village of S. Pedro on Santa Maria). The Spaniards came, conquered and stayed for over 60 years. Terceira was the last to give in, even fighting off one raiding party with herds of wild bulls.

Bulls are a great feature of Terceira and they are proud of the fact that attempts to breed them on São Miguel soon soften the strain. I was told that when the first settlers arrived, they left on Terceira a consignment of livestock, and then went away again for 60 years. On their return, they found the island populated by fierce, brave bulls, whose descendants still provide Terceira with its favourite sport. Bullfighting takes place in the village streets on any excuse, the village men and lads baiting the bull with anything from a hat to an open umbrella, while families watch in safety from protective walls or upstairs windows. The bulls are not killed and their 6,000 head almost equals in number the Americans at the US Air Force base on Terceira's Lajes airport.

The Azores have two large airports. Lajes is purely military, apart from the small, sturdy Doves (soon to be joined by DC3s) operated by the local SATA airline as a link between Sta. Maria, São Miguel and Terceira. The international airport is at Sta. Maria to which TAP (Portuguese Airways) operate a through service from London once a week, while major North American airlines pause here on their way from Europe to the States. Ships call in on their way from New York, and there are regular sailings from Lisbon. Everything is ripe for this mid-Atlantic half-way house to expand into a tourist haven. The attractions of the Azores might far outmatch many an over-publicised spot not so very much nearer home.

Things move slowly, however. A third airport to replace the existing grass runway on São Miguel has been planned for 14 years, but at last the rumours begin to have foundation, and there are even hopes that it may be completed next year. More hotels are needed. At present the nine islands between them boast three, plus a handful of modest pensions. Two of the hotels are on São Miguel; one, the Infante, overlooking the waterfront and harbour at Ponta Delgada, the Azores' largest town (population 25,000); the other, the Terra Nostra, at Furnes, a spa village which can boast 23 different mineral sources, bubbling hot springs, a lake and glorious mountain scenery from which the Alpine tinkle of cow bells sounds from distant pastures by the forest rim.

The third hotel is the Terra Nostra on the airport of Santa Maria, and there is gay, simple accommodation by the sand beach of Praia on the island's south coast. Other establishments are planned, but details are still vague. Someone ought to do something. The Azores need tourism and tourism needs the Azores.

For further information: Portuguese State Information and Tourist Office, 20 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Means of access: London-Santa Maria, by TAP (Portuguese Airways), £91 3s tourist-class return, £157 5s 1st-class return. An excursion fare, Lisbon-Santa Maria, reduces the over-all cost from London by up to £23 tourist class, and £30 1st class; it is, however payable only in Lisbon. Inter-island single fares by SATA are approximately: Sta. Maria-São Miguel (25 mins.), £3 19s; São Miguel-Terceira (50 mins.), £5 2s; Sta. Maria-Terceira (1¼ hrs.), £7 10s. By sea, fortnightly sailings from Lisbon via Madeira to the Azores, and weekly inter-island sailings in the Azores, are operated by Empresa Insulana de Navegaçõa (London agents: Davidson, Park and Speed, 32 Dukes Place, London, E.C.3). Also regular cargo-passenger sailings.

Self-drive cars are available on São Miguel, but an international driving licence is needed.

RUSSIA REVISITED

336 **The Cossacks Burned Down the Y.M.C.A.** by Eddy Gilmore: Bodley Head, 21s, is the pleasant and crazy title (referring to a friendly code) of an account of Russia revisited. Mr Gilmore had lived in Russia for 12 years as the Pulitzer prize-winning foreign correspondent of the Associated Press but here was taking a private, unguided flip around the country with his Russian-born wife. He writes with an attractive liveliness and with a sympathetic interest which explains why he readily makes friends among the Russians.

The Private Life of Henry VIII by N. Brysson Morrison: Robert Hale. 18s, can scarcely be called the first work on the subject but it is a spirited reconstruction of a personal story which has been one of the most publicised in the world. The author makes the point that the King was married for almost 20 years to his first wife and also that he was, in the widest sense, England's first truly popular monarch. A readable if not an exceptionally profound study.

Not in the Calendar by Margaret Kennedy: Macmillan. 21s, explores the silent world of the deaf and is a sensitively told story of two people and their contrasted journeys through life. They share one link: a woman with some of the attributes of a saint and a saint's interpretation of lawlessness. This is one of Miss Kennedy's most serious novels but never a sombre one and quite beautifully written.

Love in Our Time by Vincent Brome: Cassell. 25s, deals with a man who is a hero by accident, an immoralist by nature and a cynic by choice. While in the RAF he had given at least as much thought to women as to the enemy and now in post-war life he is bringing his own brand of egoism to bear on Fleet Street which he considers the best venue for his one real talent of vivid writing. This mainly unattractive character is the narrator of his own story and its candour makes it a far more readable chronicle than one would have expected; human and comprehensible.

Convention by Fletcher Knebel and Charles Bailey: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s. These authors, who also wrote *Seven Days in May*, have the ability to present fiction as if it were—or at any moment could be—fact. Their new book is concerned with Republican electioneering and however little one knows of the complexities of the American political scene the story is genuinely exciting with a real immediacy. As a matter of fact, this might be one way of coming to understand something of what goes on in the pre-election period when presidents are in the making or at least in the running. It would certainly be a far from painful lesson.

Vertical and Horizontal by Lillian Ross: Jonathan Cape. 18s. Mrs Ross is already known for her reporting and profiles in the *New Yorker* but this is her first novel. It is set against a background of present day New York appropriately enough since it is a city the author knows so well and it is concerned with a successful doctor, a bachelor, who is himself undergoing psycho-analysis with a colleague whose speciality is helping patients to attain "full membership of the human race." Mrs Ross's novel is slick, entertaining and often funny with many a cool, side-long glance at the profession of psychiatry.

Three Nights by Egon Hostovsky. Translated from the Czech by Philip H. Smith jnr.: Cassell. 21s. This again has a New York background but is in every other respect a very different story. It deals with the problems of an ill-assorted couple: a woman who has made her escape from Czechoslovakia through marriage and a man whose conventional Americanism conceals an affectionate if plodding nature. They are incompatible in that he is industrious and faithful whereas she is as unchaste as she is intelligent. They are bound together however by a moment of terror when an unknown man knocks on the door of their apartment. This is a sensitive study of a very special relationship and written in a mood of real understanding.

The Speculators by John Gerstine: Barrie and Rockliff. 21s, is a novel about Wall Street and those transactions which remain a mystery to the less worldly. The author having long personal experience of the financial sphere is, on the other hand, well able to guide the reader through its mazes and his story of one man's spectacular rise from a staid broker to one of the most powerful men on the Street is readable and even, in its way, exciting.

The Young Divorcees by Lissa Charell: Arthur Baker. 21s, is the story of a woman with the far from banal name of Tiffany Bishop and who is more successful at her career of journalism than at the business of marriage. Miss Charell, herself a journalist, writes crisply if not with any warm sympathy of the vagaries of young husbands and wives and in a slightly staccato style of family relationships. Her book has a certain glitter but a breathless quality which is not altogether attractive.

Blood from the Sky by Piotr Rawicz. Translated from the French by Peter Wiles: Secker & Warburg. 25s, introduces a new author, a Ukrainian Jew who survived the extermination of his community to erupt on the Paris literary scene and there to be compared with Kafka and Camus. This first novel of his is an extraordinary feat for it deals with catastrophic events and with terrible brutalities and yet manages to retain frequent glimpses of humour. I cannot remember reading any book quite like it and its power and originality are beyond doubt.

The Bodley Head Jack London—Volume II. Edited and introduced by Arthur Calder-Marshall: Bodley Head. 25s. This addition to the collected works of a most original writer contains one long work, *John Barleycorn*, conceded to be a classic of alcoholism, and two much earlier and semi-autobiographical pieces, forming together a very clear picture both of Jack London's talent and his own life. **Vernon Fane**

TRAVELLERS' TALES

West of the Rhone by Freda White: Faber. 30s.
Where the Bong Tree Grows by James Ramsey Ullman: Collins. 25s.
Maui and Me by Temple Sutherland: Herbert Jenkins. 25s.
Elephants Arrive at Half-past Five by Ilka Chase: W. H. Allen. 25s.
Introducing the Channel Islands by Henry Myhill: Faber. 25s.
Countrygoer in the Dales by Jessica Lofthouse: Robert Hale. 18s.

From the point where the Rhone runs due south to the Mediterranean, its course at Lyons having been turned by the wall of the Massif Central, it becomes a great river, straight and swift, flowing between the westerly ranges and the lowlands of Provence. In *West of the Rhone* Freda White describes these lands which are much less known than those to the east, the Provence of song and story, but which are so infinitely worthwhile for the traveller whether he go on foot, by bicycle, or (leisurely) by car. Miss White's book is really a companion to her *Three Rivers of France*, in which she so enchantingly described the neighbouring regions of the Tarn, the Lot and the Dordogne. Although she seeks out the romantic and historic spots in Languedoc, the Rousillon, and the Massif Central, the author is keenly alive to the powerful changes that are taking place today in rural France. Electric power now reaches the little towns, enabling them to start important industries as in the Vivarais and the Cevennes, which have switched from traditional silk to new synthetic fibres. Languedoc, indeed, where for so long the people have drawn an inadequate subsistence, producing too much wine and too little of anything else, now begins to thrive, and if there are too many overhead wires for Miss White's romantic heart there is nonetheless a better dressed and better fed population, and the children are no longer ravaged by rickets and tuberculosis. This is a book to take abroad and to read at home, the work of one who loves the high hills of France and would have us share her joy in them.

Travelling far afield and logging their journeys in search of sport and adventure on three continents, James Ramsey Ullman, Temple Sutherland and Ilka Chase have all written books of surpassing interest and absorption. Taking his title from Edward Lear's owl and the pussycat, "who sailed away for a year and a day," Mr Ullman describes his 14 months in the Pacific under the title *Where the Bong Tree Grows*. Outriggers, tiny launches, steamships, and planes, modern and antique, provided the author with transport between Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, Guam, the Cook Islands, Tora Bora and Wake. With objectivity, Mr Ullman balances the classical south sea dream against the South Pacific of the 20th century. It is his change of pace, from slow moving to fast moving and back again, that gives this travelogue much of its attraction, added of course to the writer's keen awareness of the world around him and his obvious delight in these sunlit seas despite the shadows cast by civilisation.

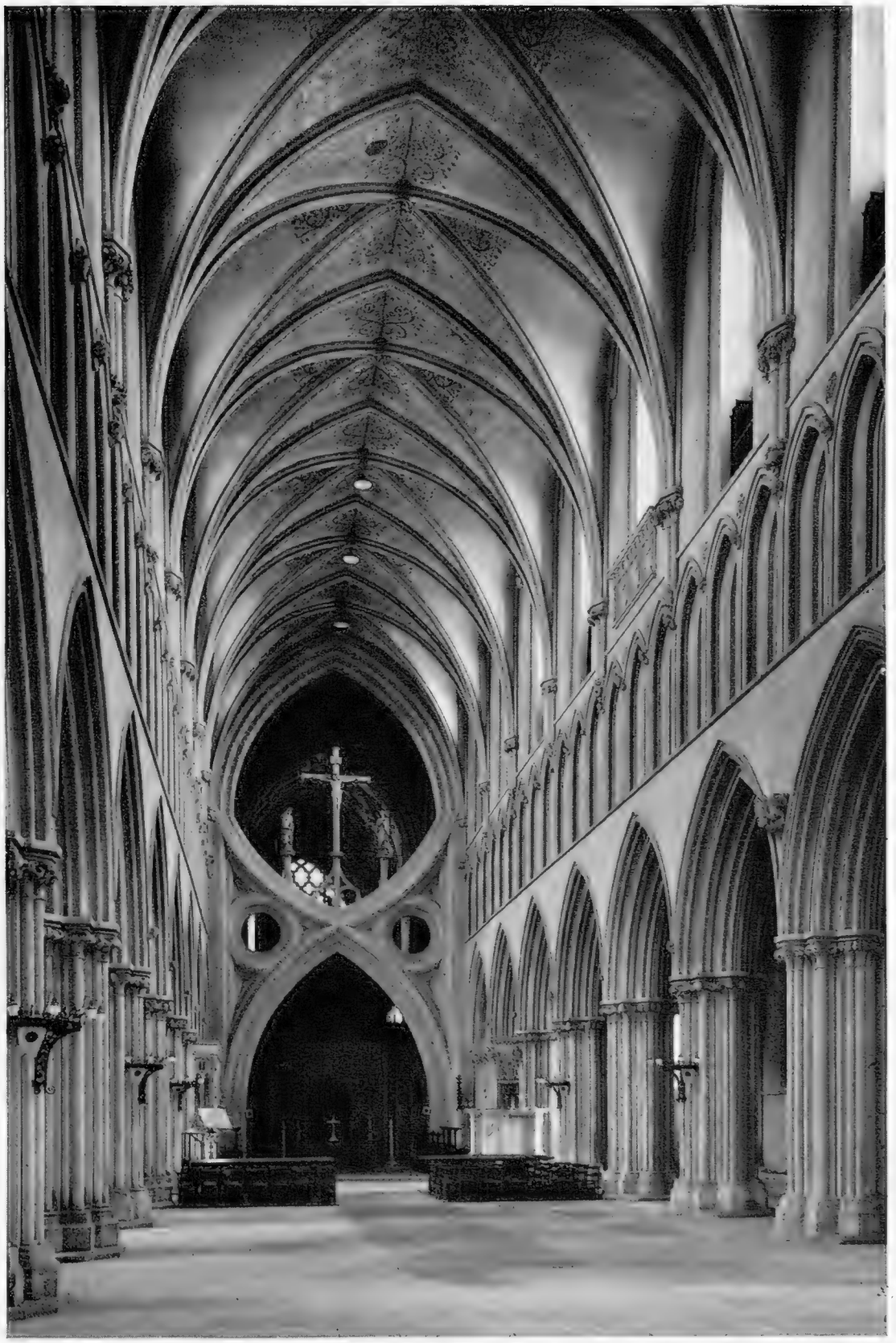
Temple Sutherland's *Maui and Me* takes us to a fisherman's El Dorado in New Zealand, where travelling by caravan in Northland and Southland, he seems to have landed every fish from black marlin to whitebait. This travel book with a fishing theme is a reminder of New Zealand's infinite charm and variety, that wherever you are in those islands you are never very far away from water, sea breezes and the joys of the open air.

Elephants Arrive at Half-past Five is Ilka Chase's account of a photo-safari in East Africa. The author and her husband, Dr Norton Brown,

Life in Stuart England by Maurice Ashley: Batsford. 21s. The *English Life* series has now produced a sequel to A. H. Dodd's *Elizabethan England*. Dr Ashley gives us very good value. His 170 pages are as packed with information as any of the series and even richer in contemporary illustrations. In social history the 17th century is by no means a dark age. Politically disturbed, it was socially quiescent. In a society still based on agriculture and deficient in communications, political revolutions affected the rural population very little. The great advances of science percolated to rural areas only towards the century's close. England was very much "two nations," the rich minority of landed proprietors and the multitude on the breadline. It is impossible to compare the purchasing power of money then and now. Dr Ashley suggests multiplying, perhaps by 20, the labourer's 8d a day and the richest landowner's or merchant's £5,000 to £10,000 a year. But for the labourer there was little to buy and, except in winter, his cottage acres could provide him with all he needed, while beer, the universal drink, was 2d a gallon. The Restoration brought a sharp decline in the will to work and in welfare services. Civil servants and shopkeepers kept short hours, landowners hunted, and magistrates grew slack in their duties as local authorities. The culture and comforts of Queen Anne's reign showed little advance on the late Tudors'. Science and trade forged ahead in towns, but the age of Bacon, Harvey, Newton and Petty was still the age of Bottom and Dogberry. Primitive superstitions were not extinguished by the light of science. *Life in Stuart England* had a preview in the number of two months ago of that excellent monthly magazine *History Today*. **John Gore**

visited the celebrated Treetops near Nairobi, where the elephants turn up dead on time each morning, the plains of Serengeti, famous for their breed of lion, and Murchison Falls, home of the hippo and the stealthy crocodile. The author's fresh delight in all she sees is not the least of the charms of this well written and well illustrated book.

Nearer home Henry Myhill's *Introducing the Channel Islands* is a travel book with a practical quality. Excellent maps of all the islands, good photography and a wealth of information make this a first class work for anyone contemplating a holiday in the islands or taking up permanent residence there. For the stay-at-home holiday-maker—and why don't we all do it more often?—Jessica Lofthouse's *Countrygoer in the Dales* has a wealth of information to offer. From Airedale in the south through Wharfdale, Nidderdale, Wensleydale, Swaledale to Teesdale in the north she takes a series of walks, revealing the best escape routes from the industrial towns and the way to get to the more enchanting beauty spots, at any rate to those of her own special choice. Like all Miss Lofthouse's books this is the precious outcome of years of exploring. **Richard Edmonds**



Above: The nave of Wells Cathedral, built 1192-*c.*1230, is an illustration from *English Historic Architecture* by Bryan Little: Batsford. 25s. In telling the story of English architecture from Saxon times down to 1914, the author shows how styles have been influenced by political, social and economic factors and how it has reacted to trends on the Continent

Left: The dreams of an earlier "Buchanan Report" for street bridges. This 19th-century plan is an illustration from *The Golden City; London Between The Fires 1666-1941* by Bernard Ash: Phoenix House. 25s

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **REGINALD H. BATES**

Mr R. H. Bates is Chairman of Ferroconcrete (Lancs.) Ltd. and President of the British Precast Concrete Federation. He went straight into industry on leaving school in the late '20's. In 1934 he became managing director, jointly with his father, of Ferroconcrete (Lancs.) Ltd. and he has been Chairman of this Company since 1952. In 1930 he played an important part in negotiating initial agreements between the Transport and General Workers' Union in the North West and local employers on wages and working conditions. Subsequently, in 1942, he was elected Chairman of the National Joint Industrial Council for the Industry, an appointment which he has held continuously up to the present day. Mr Bates was Chairman of the National Council of the British Cast Concrete Federation from 1948 to 1951 when he became President of the Federation. He held office as President until the amalgamation of the BCCF with the Cast Stone and Concrete Federation, when he was elected first President of the new British Precast Concrete Federation. For many years he has also been prominent in research matters in connection with the Industry both as Chairman of the Industry's Joint Direction Panel and Research Committee (which controls the Wexham Springs Research Station) and also as a member of the Cement and Concrete Association's Advisory Research Committee. He is also Chairman of the Committee on Training and Development and a member of numerous other committees. Mr Bates is a keen Rotarian and a Governor of two schools. His public services include chairmanship of Sir Robert Jones Memorial Workshops for Handicapped Persons, and he was formerly Vice-President of the Round Tables of the British Isles and President of the National Association. He was founder and first President of Round Tables International. For his war services with the Merseyside Home Guard he was awarded the M.B.E., and for his services to the concrete industry he was subsequently advanced to O.B.E. Mr Bates is married with one daughter and two grandchildren. His hobby is travelling

THE BOTTLING BUSINESS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

There is nothing particularly light about a lightweight milk bottle, from the consumer's point of view: it weighs 14 ounces against the 17 ounces of the rather larger bottle we are used to, and picking it up with several ounces of milk inside you might hardly notice the difference. But for the dairy bottling and distributing milk a saving of more than 20 per cent. in container weight is significant in an industry where the conventional bottle weighs nearly as much as its contents, and all the packaging and transport equipment has to be geared to this. Express Dairies have recently decided to switch over completely to the smaller bottle and other dairies are likely to do the same.

This particular innovation in glass containers was pioneered in this country by the Rockware group. United Glass, the biggest firm in the industry, later began making the lighter bottles too. United Glass, on the other hand, has been responsible for a more recent technical change, the " titanised " bottle. This is not an unbreakable bottle, but it is a considerably less breakable one than before. It will stand up considerably longer to rough handling on the way to the doorstep and inside the home—and also, which is more important, inside the bottling plant itself.

Treatment of glass with titanium compounds to toughen it has been known for many years as a laboratory process. Commercially, it has occasionally been used to produce high-class glass tableware that is practically unbreakable, but at much higher cost. Now United Glass has developed a commercial process that does the same job far more cheaply, giving a bottle with much greater resistance to abrasion, chips and scratching.

This resistance to surface abrasion is of key importance in the bottling plant. A high-speed bottling line may fill 400 to 800 bottles a minute: the bottles are moving along metal slideways, constantly bumping against guide rails and against other bottles. The minor scratches that occur increase the likelihood of breakage; and the cost of breakage is not the bottle and its contents but the delays it causes in stopping and clearing the line. In a sense, what is needed is a lubricant; and indeed most previous attempts to reduce abrasion on the line have involved spraying the bottles with a coating of silicones or other plastics. United Glass's process toughens the actual surface of the glass bottle itself, at the time when the red-hot glass is being blown into bottle shape. The bottles (which look rather shinier) have a much lower coefficient of " glass to glass " friction, which is what matters in filling them.

Measured in terms of " internal bursting pressure " (testing the strength of a milk bottle is not easy), the improvement is about 50 per cent., and United Glass hopes that the number of " trips per bottle " ought to be increased substantially too. This number of journeys back and forth to the doorstep is a vital element in the economics of distributing milk in bottles; the average varies quite widely across the country. Traditionally, the dairies allow for a loss of 2 per cent. of their bottles on each delivery, which would mean an average of 50 trips per bottle; that is probably rather high. Today, operators put the average at say 30-50 trips: it is better in London than in most other parts of the country, and there are certain kinds of bottle, like the small ones for school milk, that usually last much longer than the rest.

Any slight increase in the cost of these tougher bottles would be offset by the longer working life; by the same token, suppliers of the bottles cannot expect to sell as many. So far as the lightweight bottles are concerned, the saving in actual glass used and the more rapid production made possible tend to improve the manufacturer's costs. But both innovations are important to the bottle manufacturers mainly in strengthening their defences against competing forms of packaging. In containers for milk, the competition is from a radically different kind of container, the waxed or coated paper carton: these weigh practically nothing, and are non-returnable. Various kinds of carton have been introduced into milk distribution over the years, the most radical in design being the Tetrapak; but so far, mass distribution of milk in Britain continues to be based upon the returnable bottle. Daily distribution of milk, it may be noted, is considered by some commercial reformers in the dairy business to be an outdated survival.

In spite of the higher investment in transport and storage required for glass bottles, and the costs of washing and sterilising those returned, the economies gained by using one container over and over again seem at present to make the returnable container system impregnable for milk. But it is only in milk and beer bottles that the organised returnable system is used at all generally; the great majority of glass bottles made in Britain are made to be filled once, used, and then thrown away. It is in these other kinds of bottle that the industry has suffered most competition in recent years, particularly from plastic containers in the toilet and perfumery field.

Last year the industry managed to achieve an increase in sales to about 4,600 million bottles, not quite up to the rising trend of earlier years but very welcome after 1962, when the numbers sold had actually gone down. Glass has gained some successes at the expense of other containers; certain food is being packed in jars instead of tins, and the popularity of plastic envelopes for liquids (which have inconveniences of their own) is being challenged for such products as shampoos. Intense competition in the packaging fields tends to hold prices and profits down, and the bottle-makers have to be vigilant against the steady and protean innovations that newer materials or combinations of packaging can develop. But in more ways than one the bottle industry has been toughening itself up.

A new £195,000 multi-storey park for 492 cars which was designed by Courtaulds Technical Services Ltd., and built by W. H. Gaze and Sons, at Guildford, Surrey. The spiral exit ramp prevents congestion by cars departing. It also introduces the " Park and Shop " principle whereby customers can travel straight to nearby shops by lifts

THE SHOEMAKERS

by P. GLENNIE-SMITH, M.A., Director, British Footwear Manufacturers' Federation

340 Like many others, our footwear industry is passing through a second industrial revolution. This started in the 1950's and it is difficult to forecast where it will end. Several important factors are at work—the impact of fashion, the introduction of completely new materials and techniques and changes in the pattern of distribution. These are all, in their different ways, converting one of Britain's traditional, small-firm craft industries into something quite different—one which will have comparatively few but very large manufacturing groups, engaged largely in component assembly work. It is a saying in shoe-making that " the last comes first "; so, in considering these three factors, let us take distribution first.

A feature of the 1950's was the growth of multiple retailing in footwear, and prominent in this was the grouping of existing multiples within the British Shoe Corporation. But there is no monopoly position, as is often thought and even now the BSC does not account for more than a quarter of all the sales in this country and, although it has taken over manufacturing interests as well, these do not add up to more than 4–5 per cent. of total footwear production.

The multiple retailers as a whole, with their 4,000-odd shops, account for about half the total footwear sales in Britain. With their centralised buying and well sited and luxuriously appointed shops, they represent the most highly integrated shoe distribution system in Europe. Their growth has not unnaturally made inroads on the business done by the independent and smaller multiple retailers, but these still account for nearly a quarter of the market through their 7,800 shops and they are fighting every inch of the way. There is yet a place in many people's hearts for the small man who is willing to provide a service, and this applies particularly in footwear where service is often at a premium. The branded manufacturers have supported the independents in their struggle by massive advertising promotion, and these shops have been able to call on the instock services of wholesale distributors and manufacturers. Although resale price maintenance is not an important feature in footwear, the branded manufacturers feel it has tended to keep prices down and enabled the independent shops to compete and provide a service to the public.

Apart from specialist shoe shops which, as already seen, account for some three-quarters of the market, business is done in several other fields—principally in department stores, variety stores, co-operatives and by mail order, but supermarkets and discount houses are also in the picture. A significant change has been the growth of mail order in footwear. This may seem surprising when most people (rightly) wish to " try on " shoes before purchase, but it may reflect their growing frustration at shopping in busy lunch-hours or on Saturday mornings—or indeed at any time.

A study of footwear styles through the ages gives point to the adage " there's nothing new under the sun." But the changes were gradual and were limited by conventional materials and traditional methods of construction. Before the last war few people looked on shoes as other than necessary items of dress: they could be black or brown, they were generally rather heavy, and the emphasis was on durability rather than decorativeness.

With the growth of clothes-consciousness during the 1950's, particularly among the new-rich " teenage " section of the community, greater attention was drawn to footwear as an item of fashion. Towards the end of the decade Italian styling, with its new slender look built into extremely light and flexible shoes, made a great impact on the British market, particularly in women's shoes. Much as British manufacturers were alarmed at this invasion, they were quick to learn the lesson and soon proved they could do as well or better. The industry was now in the fashion business—first in women's footwear but increasingly in men's. Young designers were given free rein and, although shoe styling is becoming more and more international, Britain has already contributed several new trends, such as fashion boots for women and Chelsea boots and Beatle boots for men.

Skilled men choose leathers for shoe uppers at Manfield and Sons Ltd., Northampton

Fashion interest brought its problems too. The industry is geared to mass-production, but the uncertainty of fashion changes often prevents advantage being taken of long-run capacity. Many feet are, unfortunately, inelegant and attempts to disguise this with shoes that are too tight lead to the cry that " my feet are killing me." Fashion and fit, for very practical reasons, cannot be combined always for every customer. This is a matter of public relations and public understanding. The development of fittings in different widths for each size is a partial answer but in turn it leads to problems for the retailer. To stock a complete range of sizes and fittings means having at least 70 pairs of shoes for each single style and colour. It is however frequently possible to obtain the missing size and fitting within a day or so, if the customer is willing to wait.

Without new materials and techniques the industry would never have made the progress it has, but reference should be made to the Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association (Satra). Co-operative research began in the industry over 40 years ago but it was just after the last war that it really made strides. Virtually all footwear manufacturers belong to Satra, together with a number of component and material suppliers machinery and adhesives firms and so on. It thus has backing from the industry as a whole (together with a grant from teh government), and it has done excellent work, not only in developing new production techniques but in testing an increasing variety of new materials before they are passed as suitable for use in manufacture. Satra has a world-wide reputation and has served to keep the British footwear industry in the forefront of progress.

As to new materials, the first change to take place was the use of light but durable plastic for soles and heels instead of leather. This was aided by the development of strong adhesives for attaching them to the shoe instead of the traditional stitching process. Parallel with it there has been an increasing use of rubber compounds, either in the form of ready-finished soles which are then stuck on the shoe during manufacture or as raw material which is moulded on, thus being shaped and attached at the same time. The stiletto heel, though much maligned for the damage it caused to parquet floor, had to be provided to meet fashion dictates, but this could never have been done before modern plastics were developed.

Leather soles are now to be found on little more than 10 per cent. of British footwear and, generally speaking, unless they are marked " leather " they are something different. At the time when light, flexible soles were urgently wanted in order to match the Italian vogue, they were not available at the right price and so man-made materials were tried and found successful. They had advantages of greater precision and consistency than the natural product, and so lent

A panoramic view of a modern single storey shoe factory at the Bath works of Clarks Ltd., showing a closing room conveyor system in the foreground

themselves to new manufacturing techniques where these qualities are very important. They also proved extremely durable in wear. The same kind of story could happen with shoe uppers where new man-made materials are being developed to replace leather. If they are successful and not too expensive, the potential saving in time and material, cutting out from sheets or rolls of standard consistency, is obvious, and another step ahead will be taken in shoemaking progress. It is probably true to say, however, that whatever happens leather is likely to retain some hold in this field. As there is a limit to the world's supply of leather and as the world's consumption of footwear is steadily increasing, tanners are not unduly concerned at the threat of man-made uppers. After all, various fabric materials and plastic patent have been used for some time in women's shoes, bringing variety to the fashion scene.

As regards new techniques, reference has already been made to the change from stitching to cementing as a method of sole attachment. This has revolutionised the factories and so has the rapid retention of shape now achieved by first moistening then heat-setting the uppers when assembled on the lasts and attached to the soles. Whereas shape-retention used to require days on the last, it now takes only a few hours. The assembly of a shoe's parts has been further speeded up by the installation of conveyor systems in which the shoe moves automatically from machine to machine until the finished product comes out at the end of the line. The preparation of uppers is one section where there is still scope for progress. The parts are stitched together by sewing machines and fed and guided manually into them. If the next big breakthrough happens *continued on page 342*

An operator of the Norvic Shoe Company, Norwich, fixes heels to shoes as they emerge from the drying tunnel

THE SHOEMAKERS *continued from page 341*

342 there, it will relieve a bottleneck in most shoe factories.

There are over 500 manufacturing firms in the British footwear industry. They employ 100,000 operatives of whom slightly more than half are women. The number of firms and of operatives is steadily declining as the second industrial revolution runs its course, but production capacity continually rises and, with imports representing about one-fifth of the pairage sold on the home market, manufacturing is extremely competitive. Most factories specialise in one type of footwear within a certain price-range, e.g. high-grade women's fashion shoes or medium-price men's cemented shoes, but the larger groups cover several kinds. Many smaller manufacturers make to order and supply their products to the large retailers and insert the retailer's own brand name. The large manufacturers make their own brand-name footwear, some of which is retailed through their own shops. It is not easy for the ordinary shopper to know which is a manufacturer's brand-name and which a retailer's.

The home market takes the lion's share of British production. Of the 190 million pairs produced last year, only 12 million were exported; but the proportion is much higher if rubber and canvas footwear is excluded. Nearly 40 million pairs were imported, and so over 200 million pairs (without making any adjustment for stocks at the beginning and end of the year, since these figures are not available) were sold on the home market. This represents about four pairs for each of us of everything, including slippers and wellingtons, for example. The money spent was a little over £300 million, less than £6 a head and less than half what the nation spent on beer. All except the children's shoes (and protective boots such as those worn by miners and other workers whose feet might otherwise get crushed at work) were liable to 10 per cent. purchase tax. So perhaps the British are being shod more cheaply than they realise. Certainly footwear prices have risen on the whole more slowly than others on the average since the war.

The manufacturers and retailers have their own organisations representing various interests, which co-operate together as fully as possible. The strongest organisation is the British Footwear Manufacturers Federation, and the others join in its common services where appropriate.

The Federation started in 1890 as an employers' body to deal with organised labour, and the industry has a long and proud record of good industrial relations. In this, full tribute must be paid to the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives which, for a comparatively small trade union, has produced some remarkably able men as its leaders over the years, whose capabilities have extended to TUC and international work. The industry's success in adapting itself to the current revolution in new techniques and processes would never have been achieved without the co-operation of this forward-thinking union, which has given its full support to work study and other means of raising productivity.

Two specific activities of the Federation may be of general interest—its overseas trade department and its public relations work. In addition to the normal servicing of members with information on tariffs and trading arrangements, regular market surveys are carried out in the main countries abroad. When opportunities present, as in Moscow with the British Trade Fair and in Paris with its Leather Week, co-operative exhibits are arranged abroad. A close liaison is being built up, first with EFTA footwear manufacturers and later, it is hoped, with those in EEC, for exchange of information and discussion of common problems. Work is also being done, through the OECD, on such matters as standardising of shoe sizes and box labels. British footwear is exported to over 100 overseas markets—mainly North America, the Commonwealth and Europe—so it is important that these contacts are maintained.

In public relations, activities are at present limited to the provision of a general information service to the Press about footwear and the staging of seasonal Press shows of the latest styles. Attention is now being paid to the problem of giving guidance to the public about shopping for footwear and about its wear and care. A specialist service provided to manufacturers is the arrangement of trade exhibitions by the Federation each spring and autumn.

Mention should be made of the splendid educational work achieved by the British Boot and Shoe Institution, which is primarily an examination body but runs an increasingly popular annual conference, now attended by 1,000 graduate and student members; regular study-hours abroad; and a variety of monthly meetings at local level throughout the country. All this has kept the industry's management team abreast of new developments and enabled them to absorb the scientific and technical advances of the Research Association.

From all the foregoing it will be gathered that the British footwear industry is making good progress quietly in its own way. Provided it can hold a reasonable trade balance between exports and imports, its continued progress is assured. But with new competitors like Japan on the horizon the struggle will be by no means easy.

A corner of Grenson's large factory is set aside for the making of handsewn shoes

Craftsmen cutting the leather for shoe uppers. The men are known as "clickers" because of the noise made by the knife used as it cuts round the pattern

The end product. A supervisor is carrying out the final check before the shoes are passed to a packer

TREASURE IN THE GARDEN

by The Sphere City Correspondent

By the time you read this, Britain's annual gardening saturnalia, the Chelsea Flower Show, will be over and done with. Nobody really knows how much we spend, eagerly, intermittently, or reluctantly, on our gardens. But the few figures available are impressive—Woolworth's alone sells £1 million worth of seeds each year. And there can be very few people indeed who do not contribute a pound or two each season—whether it's a rubber plant for the 24th storey penthouse, or a few petunias for the window box, or a power tiller to impress the neighbours, or just a pair of shears to keep down that wretched hedge.

It is not, in general, a business where enormous fortunes are made. Wilkinson Sword made a steady £380,000 profit when they were a garden tool firm, but it was razor blades which sent the figure soaring over the £3 million mark. And there is probably only one firm—Qualcast—who have produced a consistent growth record entirely out of their gardening activities. But, increasingly, all sorts of companies are finding out that a gardening division is a very useful addition to their other interests. And some of them are beginning to make very nice money.

Qualcast's splendid record—profits quadrupled in ten years, turnover up 23·4 per cent. for the first three-quarters of this financial year, double shift working at all the foundries—is, of course, based on that basic garden necessity, the lawn mower. And the combination of more house owners, less time and the status symbolism of the power mower should ensure that they go on growing for several years yet, to justify the 3·1 per cent. yield rating on their shares.

But they are not the only people in the grass-cutting business. Ransomes Sims & Jefferies hold a substantial share (between them these two account for about two-thirds of the mowers sold). And Ransomes' results for 1963 (helped by a good performance from their combine-harvester side, and a return to profitability of their electric truck division) were the best ever. Although the chairman was fairly cautious in his report, 1964 could be even better.

These two mostly concentrate on hand or petrol mowers. But there is a growing demand for the electrical variety—especially from women, who vastly prefer turning on a switch to hauling away exhaustingly on a starter-cord. And here the pioneer has been H. C. Webb of Birmingham, taken over last year by Wolseley-Hughes, an engineering and heating group who first got into the gardens with their strikingly successful little cultivator, the Merry Tiller. Now they have added J. E. Shay's " Roto-Scythe " grass cutters and are building up substantially on this side. With trebled profits from their central heating in the last two years, they seem distinctly worthwhile.

Heating and gardening go rather well together. The engineering involved is not dissimilar, and labour and factory space used for one in the summer can be switched to the other for the winter.

Valor, hit very badly in the paraffin-heater scare three years ago but now galloping back to health, is working on the same line of thought. They have added garden furniture, greenhouse heaters and the new, very well-received " Multi-Spray " machine (which, with wheels and a hose attachment, can shoot water, fertiliser or insecticide anywhere in the garden) to their traditional range. This is the first year in which the horticultural end will make a full contribution, and Valor's results should take a big jump back towards the record levels of the mid-1950's.

The actual plants you put in a garden are a good deal less predictable than the tools you use to till them, it seems, and the leading seed firms, R. & G. Cuthbert and Carters Tested Seeds, both have erratic records. Both of them —like all nurserymen—were badly hit by the bad winter of 1962/63, and Cuthbert's profits, particularly, took a sharp dive. But their sales are at record levels, their recently acquired subsidiaries, like Dobie's and Ryder's, should be fully integrated by now, and the £30,000 improvements now completed at their main production centre look ready to start earning their keep. The dividend was slightly short-earned last year, but things should be much better in 1964. And the shares, at 9s 3d, may well blossom when the results come out next January. Better, certainly, than Spear & Jackson, the leading manufacturers of spades and forks, who were hotly tipped to do well this time, but in fact produced profit figures which had dropped by more than a half. The chairman has still to explain what went wrong, but obviously industrialists like gardeners can find that by no means everything they plant comes up.

In Your Garden

	Price	Yield %	Times covered
Ransomes Sims	30s 3d	6·3	1·9
Qualcast	27s	3·1	2·1
Wolseley-Hughes	20s 6d	3·1	2·1
Valor	26s 6d	3·8	2·2
R & G Cuthbert	9s 3d	4·3	1·0
Carters	10s 0d	4·0	1·0
Spear & Jackson	14s 10½d	3·5	3·0

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Five years from election to the board to becoming its chairman at the age of 44 is rapid by any standards, and more particularly when it is the £140 million Stewarts and Lloyds steel complex. Niall Macdiarmid, who has just succeeded the late Mr Andrew Stewart, hardly conforms to the ordinary conception of a tough steel tycoon. Dark-haired, tall and lithe, with a relaxed manner hiding a prodigious appetite for facts and a keen perception for the central point of a problem, Mr Macdiarmid might well pass for something more donnish and literary.

Much more of an extrovert than a Scottish upbringing suggests, he was an outstanding success as head of a new personnel department in the Scottish Group just after the war. He later took over personnel matters for the whole group. His next step, in 1956, was to move to Stanton Ironworks, near Nottingham, as personal assistant to the redoubtable Sir Frederick Scopes. Since then he has assumed responsibility for the great Corby works, and now his empire will take in still more of S and L's Midland interests, including the multi-storey sales office headquarters hard by Snow Hill station, Birmingham.

Born not so very far from the head offices in Oswald Street, Glasgow, Mr Macdiarmid lives at Spibbington Hall, conveniently just off the A1 a few miles from Peterborough, with his wife and three daughters. His father, Sir Allan Macdiarmid, was chairman of the company from 1926 to 1945 and brought it through some of its most trying and formative years.

Pottery

Potters who have been changing over from gas to oil firing of the kilns in which the plastic clayware is brought to the finished state look like having to revise their arithmetic as a result of a new firing process. This is embodied in a new kiln jointly developed by Johnson Brothers (Hanley) and the West Midlands Gas Board, and called the Trent after the pottery where it is installed. Briefly, it cuts a normal firing cycle of two firings of 36 hours each to one firing of 11½ hours—probably the fastest in the world.

The usual tributes paid to a firm in such circumstances were unusually well deserved, for the joint managing director, Mr James Johnson, is also a part-time member of the gas board, besides being a member of one of the Potteries' outstanding families, controlling five large factories. An exuberant personality, he tends to express himself in superlatives on the matters in which he believes—as he does in the future of gas as a fuel, not only for the pottery industry. " I'm a gas man," he told his audience at the unveiling of the Trent kiln. " That's for sure."

His co-operation has been no less wholehearted, and should certainly be beneficial from the point of view of the savings to be achieved by the new kiln. Johnson Brothers are to put down five more similar kilns, but the benefits will be more widely shared. Four well-known kiln makers are being lined up to make the Trent under licence, and orders for them will be accepted from July onwards.

Test Retired

Throughout industry there are examples of men whose inventive flow and enthusiasm cannot be dammed simply because they have reached a nominal retiring age. Such a man is Mr W. J. Worthington of Sutton Coldfield, who since he " retired " as an engineer some years ago has probably been as busy as ever. The latest of a series of inventions to achieve success is a device providing supplementary jaws which give an ordinary bench vice a longer effective length and enable it to hold workpieces of any shape. Mr Worthington's brainchild was introduced last autumn and has attracted great interest in industry, with the Services, and with the Production Engineering Research Association.

Like so many valuable time and money savers, it is basically simple—but its appeal to the working engineer is such that Mr Worthington has found that he often calls on a firm and leaves without his demonstration unit, so impressed are his audience. Now the manufacturing company, Scee Engineering, of Aldridge, is seeking about 150 retired engineers who will spend a few hours a week demonstrating and selling the unit direct to industry—men " anxious to keep in harness but who don't want to overdo it," as Mr Worthington puts it. Being essentially a man who practises what he preaches, he took two hours a day off during a week at Weston-super-Mare recently—and sold 30. At a generous commission of 18s for each unit, the Scee sales force could have an attractive potential.

DANGERS OF AQUAPLANING

344 The Dunlop Rubber Co., who make most of Britain's tyres, have come out with some clear-cut advice about bad-weather motoring. They say that as a result of further studies they have made into the problem of aquaplaning—the condition in which surface water is trapped under a tyre—they now know that a car with smooth tyres may need more than three-and-a-half times the distance to stop needed by the same car with good tyres.

Whatever tyres are fitted, say Dunlop, speed should be substantially reduced in the rain. With tyres of modern design and plenty of tread pattern it is still sensible to reduce speed by 25 per cent., with a maximum of about 70 m.p.h. Smooth tyres should be avoided altogether in wet weather; even at modest speeds they are a danger not only to the driver but to other road users.

A Dunlop technician told me: " In normal driving if four equally smooth tyres are fitted full aquaplaning can occur on all wheels. The vehicle, riding on a film of water, has no contact with the road and its movement depends entirely on the momentum built up before aquaplaning started. No driving, braking or steering power is available and an accident can be avoided only if the vehicle stays on the road without hitting anything until control can be regained.

" This is probably exceptional unless the vehicle suddenly hits a sheet of water when moving fast. A more practical danger is that of reaching a condition short of full aquaplaning where there is enough grip to give some control but not enough to allow moderate braking or a normal change of direction. This would be rather like driving on ice, except that the driver may not realise it until he needs to corner or brake."

Dancers from the television " Toppers " dressed in style to accompany Lord Montagu on the National Historic Commercial Vehicle Run from London to Brighton. Lord Montagu was driving a 1922 Maxwell char-a-banc

Dewar Trophy

It was typical of Sir William Lyons whose Jaguar Group now also owns Daimler and Coventry-Climax that he deliberately absented himself from a recent ceremony at the RAC in London at which the Dewar Trophy was presented to Mr Leonard Lee, chairman and managing director of Coventry-Climax Engines Ltd.

The Trophy was awarded to Coventry-Climax on the recommendation of the RAC's Technical and Engineering Committee for the most outstanding British technical achievement in the automotive field during 1963. The citation read: " Awarded to Coventry-Climax Engines Ltd., for the design, development and production of engines which have brought British cars to the forefront in the field of Grand Prix racing." It was, of course, a Coventry-Climax engine which speeded Jim Clark to the World Championship in a Lotus last year. (It was also a Cooper-Climax engine which gave Jack Brabham—and the Cooper Car Co.—World Championships in 1959 and 1960).

The Dewar Trophy was originally presented in 1906 by Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., and awarded in that first year to Dennis Bros. for the performance of a 20 h.p. Dennis car in travelling 4,000 trouble-free miles. The fact that the Trophy had not been awarded for the three previous years increases its value to Coventry-Climax. Sir William Lyons stayed away from the presentation ceremony because he did not want to detract from the glory due to Leonard Lee, boss of Coventry-Climax. The Trophy has now gone to the present Jaguar Group three times in all; for in 1909 the Daimler Company received it for the development of sleeve-valve engines and in 1951 Jaguar Cars got it for the fine performances of their cars in four major international events.

Transport Museum campaign

A strong move is on foot to save the Museum of British Transport at Clapham, or at least to save from dispersal and probable loss of the historic exhibits it contains. One of the prime movers in this scheme is Mr R. E. Wilsdon of Farnborough, Hampshire, who suggests the formation of an organisation similar to the National Trust. He thinks its aim should be the preservation of historic relics of all forms of transport.

Why, you may ask, is there a risk of the Clapham Museum being discontinued? The answer is that the Treasury rejected an appeal for financial aid from the Government by Dr Beeching. He wanted Government aid for the upkeep of the three Transport Museums at York, Swindon and Clapham on the grounds that the exhibits are not specifically railway history but part of Britain's industrial progress. Because financial aid has not been forthcoming the British Railways' Board wish to be rid of both the historic relics and the museums.

" In my opinion," says Mr Wilsdon, " the aim of the Transport Trust should be broadened to include the formation of a National Transport Museum and it should be set up as quickly as possible so that there is a body available to take over the British Railways items if their demise appears inevitable."

Powerful support for this scheme comes from the journal *Old Motor and Vintage Commercial* which in its current issue says there is a real danger of the buses at the Clapham Museum being got rid of in the near future. A strong Trust, says the magazine, could negotiate with British Railways for the contents of Clapham. It further says that if, as it suspects, the British Railways Board intends to sell the Clapham site at its commercial value the suggested Trust might be able to secure for itself a financial settlement equal to half the value of the redevelopment of the Clapham site in return for being relieved of the responsibility for running the Museum.

The Trust could then find a headquarters well out of London where it could start a National Museum with far more space and at far less cost than at Clapham. Why not a Transport Whipsnade? asks the magazine. Why not indeed.

Mobile police

I have just been reading another kind of transport history: The history of Metropolitan Police Transport and Driver Training. It was written by Chief Inspector W. Fleming of the Metropolitan Police Driving School at Hendon, Middlesex. It is a well-illustrated booklet which costs only a shilling and the proceeds will be donated to the Police Convalescent Home Rebuilding Fund.

Chief Inspector Fleming's narrative starts with the year 1758 when law enforcement officers realising the *continued on page 346*

Dropping money down a drain is one way of getting rid of it unintentionally. Other time-honoured methods are having your pocket picked or your bag snatched when they contain more cash than you need for your day to day outgoings. And to these we must add the insidious way in which money in the pocket seems to whisper 'spend me, spend me'.

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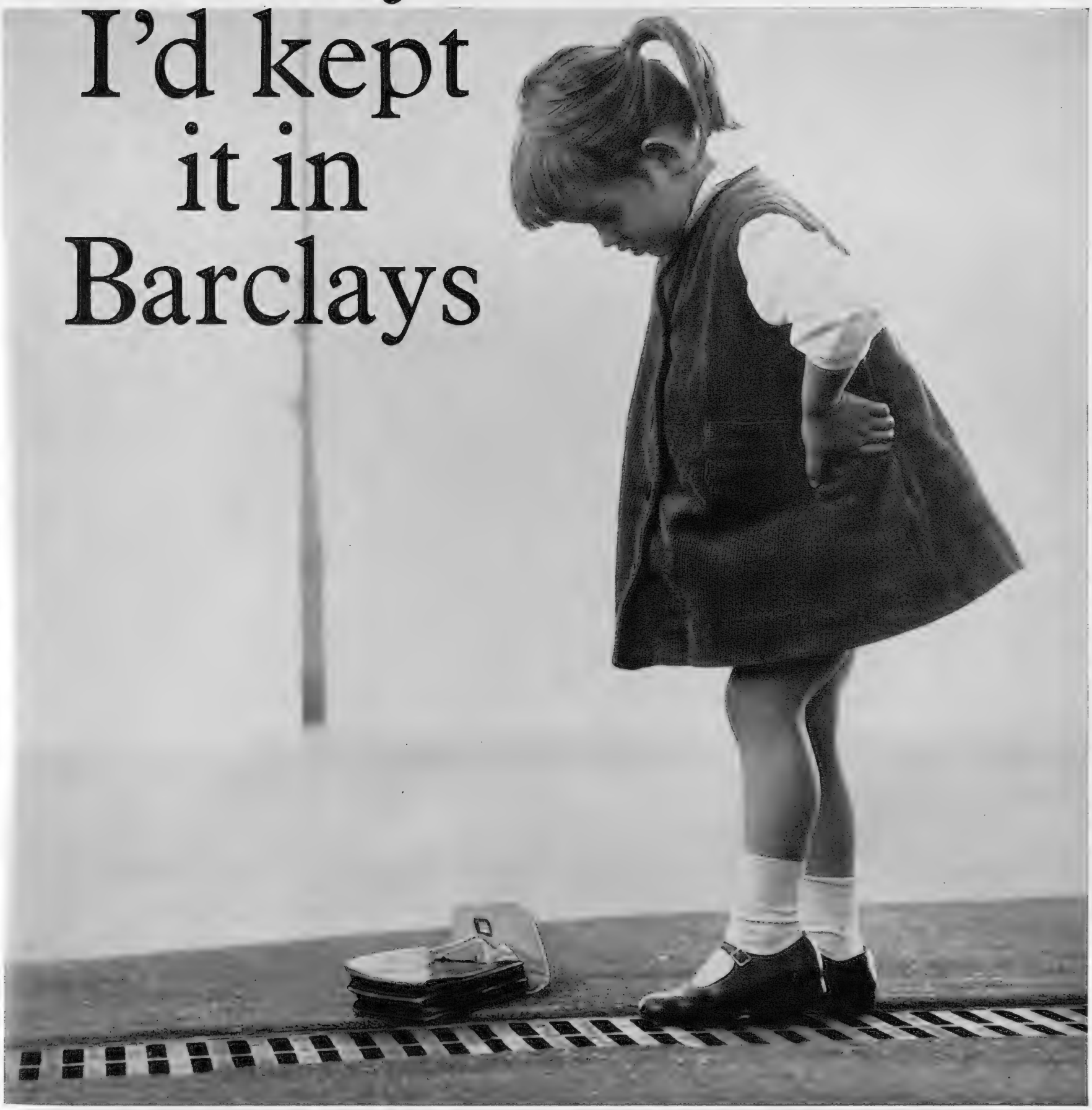

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COURTENAY EDWARDS

continued from page 344

need for mobility bought two horses for the police office at Bow Street. He records that in central London during the middle of the 19th century, each major police station in London had its stables from which mounted police officers went out daily to patrol their beats. In the rural extremities of the Metropolitan Police District, mounted officers operated from the horse-patrol stations, patrolling the main coaching routes in much the same way as their present-day colleagues operate from District Garages.

Our historian thinks that the first police vehicle was probably a horse-drawn prison van referred to in police orders of 1858. This will of course be the first of the Black Marias.

In 1903—the year in which the "emancipation" Act was passed—two 7½ h.p. Wolseley cars were bought; one for the use of the Commissioner of Police, the other for the Receiver (then, as now, responsible for administering the finances of the Force). The registration marks of these two cars—A209 and A210—are still in use; one by the Receiver and the other by the Home Secretary.

The big part played by the Hendon police Driving School in the development of London's police transport is very entertainingly dealt with by Chief Inspector Fleming who records that after the first war there was an increase in "smash and grab" raids. To deal with them four ex-RFC Crossley tenders (they had been bought as stores vehicles) were used to form a special squad to provide mobile crime patrols. Volunteers with driving experience were called for from the ranks of police constables. These teams were given the name "Flying Squads" by London newspapers—and the name has stuck. Later the mobile squads were equipped —successively—with Lea-Francis, MG Magnettes, Invictas, Bentleys, Lagondas and Railtons.

The Q-cars, Chief Inspector Fleming reminds us, were introduced in 1933. They were based on the successful work of the Flying Squad and named after the merchant ships of the First World War whose carefully camouflaged armament lured many a U-boat to destruction.

New painting process

At their vast new plant at Halewood, Ford of Britain are using a new electric painting process which has taken five years to develop and which, Ford claim, gives their cars longer life and greater protection. Mr Allen Barke, managing director of Ford of Britain, has described the new process—which has cost £1 million to introduce—as "the biggest breakthrough in painting since the development of the spray-gun." The process is called Electrocoating and Fords are the first to introduce it to full car-manufacturing operations. During the next 12 months the system will be extended to all Ford activities in Britain. Mr Ian Walker, manager of Fords' Material Development and Technical Services, says the system is similar in principle to the electroplating of metal.

"The new system applies paint universally over every surface including sharp edges," Mr Walker told me. "I suppose you could say we have now educated paint to go round corners!" As a car body is taken on its overhead conveyor it is charged with electricity and when the body is submerged in an enormous tank negatively charged paint particles rush towards the positively charged body, building up an even coating over every surface.

Above: Car bodies are totally immersed in paint for two minutes at the new Ford of Britain plant at Halewood. In the new painting process a form of electroplating occurs which gives improved protection against corrosion

Top: Operators install electrode racks inside the body shell to carry a negative charge. They react with the positive charge fed through to the body and electrically attract paint to form an even coating

A symbol to remember *for building and civil engineering*

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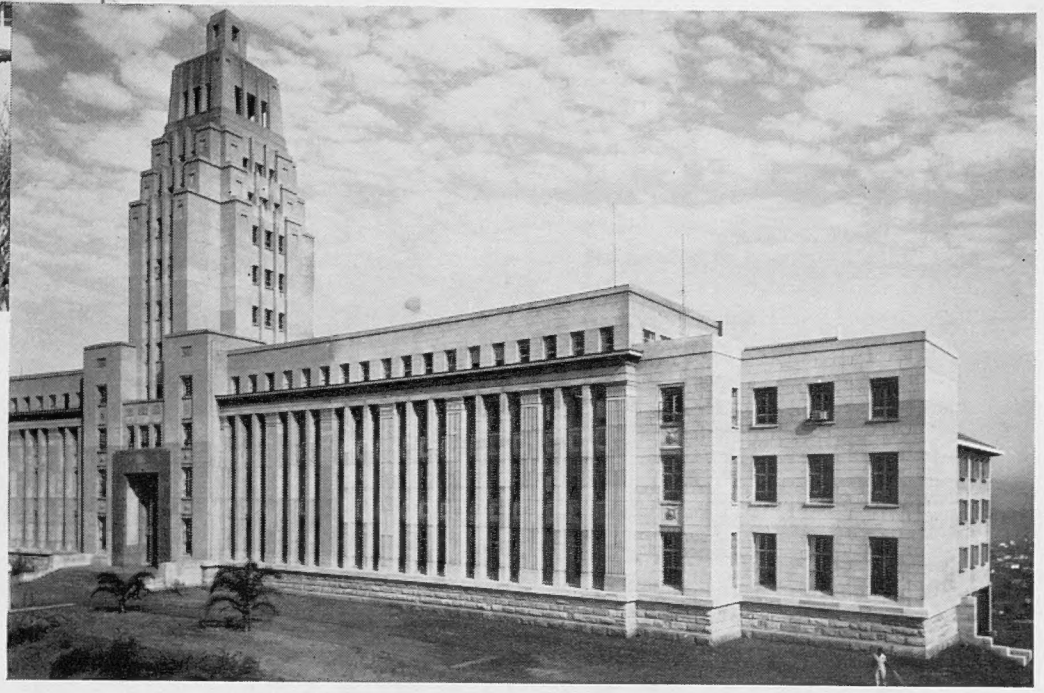

Above: City Hall, Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada.
Right: Extension to University of Natal, S.A.

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GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

348 I was travelling to Lisbon by BEA Comet. Our departure had been delayed by a few minutes for technical reasons, and having missed our turn we had to queue for a few more minutes to get on the runway. While still on the ground, the steward came along to ask me what I would like to drink, for he was going to start serving as soon as we were airborne. The time was mid-morning, so I had no hesitation in asking for a glass of champagne. We had not quite finished the Comet's characteristic, exciting climb to cruising height above the clouds, when I heard the pop of the cork and my glass was soon filled with delicious Irroy Carte d'Or. The attraction of champagne is partly in the bubbles, their fineness and quantity, and I happened to notice that the frothing and bubbling was more powerful than usual. The steward and I agreed that this was due to the altitude, where, in spite of pressurisation of the aircraft, the pressure inside the bottle is relatively just that much higher. We came to the conclusion that inside such an aeroplane, at a good height, was the best place to enjoy champagne. My attention was again drawn to this phenomenon, which I had not realised before, when much later, after my sumptuous lunch, I asked for a cognac. The steward brought the Remy Martin bottle to my seat and, as he took off the capsule, the cork with a little pop literally flew out. "You see what I mean, sir," said the steward.

I must go back, however, and say a little more about the lunch. It started, as so many first class airline meals do, with Russian caviar; this never fails to put me in the right mood. This time it was served with hard-boiled eggs, simply without any, in my view, superfluous trimmings. The next course was described on the menu, which, by the way, was entirely in English as befits a national airline, in these words: Scotch fillet steak with foie gras, buttered broccoli, asparagus tips, Parisian potatoes. All of this was true and the ingredients of good quality. I missed the next course, raspberry bavarois with orange segments, purely to save calories, for it looked most attractive, but had some Stilton in just the right condition chosen from the "Assorted English Cheeses" which all looked fresh and appetising. Fruit basket and Sweetmeats (excellent petits fours) rounded off this perfectly served meal, having chosen the red wine offered with it, a most refreshing Beaujolais Superieur. The coffee was in keeping with the rest. It was very good and served piping hot. An excellent meal altogether which was made even more enjoyable by the efficient and obliging service of the cabin crew. The weather had cleared by now and the Spanish and Portuguese coast was bathed in sunshine below. On my return journey, which was in the afternoon, I was just as well looked after, with only two differences; instead of "lunch" I was offered enormous open sandwiches to be eaten with a knife and fork—this for some mysterious reason was called "refreshment"—as well as afternoon tea with patisseries. The champagne this time was Charles Heidsieck, Brut.

Having travelled on many other airlines, British and foreign, and always having taken a great interest in their catering with its special function and problems, I was most impressed with what I found on this trip by BEA. I was even more pleased with what I found in view of the criticisms I have heard here and there in the past, made by people who maintained that BEA don't provide such good meals as some others. I did not find this to be the case. The position of BEA is somewhat different from that of most of the airlines which nearly all have a variety of routes of short and long distances. BEA's network consists entirely of short flights, with a very high load-factor in most cases. This limits the amount of equipment and food that can be carried, and also must make the catering planners more cost-conscious, for there are no long-distance high fares to benefit the overall expenditure on catering and cabin services. Considering these circumstances, the high standard achieved by BEA is all the more admirable.

To satisfy my curiosity and interest, I visited the BEA Flight Catering Centre at London Airport on my return from Lisbon. From a special building opened less than two years ago as the operational centre emanate all the complex services, including catering, provided for over 5 million passengers a year during flight. From here are dispatched to every BEA aircraft (and also some of other airlines) before it starts on its journey, all the innumerable items which go to their well-being during flight, from champagne to baby-powder and from magazines for reading to sterile packed blankets.

Naturally a great deal of the space is occupied by the kitchen where all the meals are prepared, and which like the rest of the centre works through the 24 hours of every day of the week. BEA do not freeze any meals at all; lunches are cooked and kept hot in special containers which are loaded on to the aircraft with all the other equipment. Production is beautifully streamlined. For example all the preparation of raw materials for cooking, butchery, cleaning of vegetables, etc., is done on the lower floor, so that in the kitchen proper all arrives in what one might describe as "oven-ready" condition. I satisfied myself during my visit that only the best materials are used, nothing but real butter, and only the best quality Scotch beef. The menus are varied day after day, and special individual diets, on health or religious grounds, will always be provided by request. In fact no trouble is too much to make the passenger happy which, after all, contributes much to the running of a happy *and paying* airline.

Above: Interior view of the BEA Catering Centre at London Airport
Right: A Steward and Stewardess serve coffee, liqueurs and petits fours as part of the BEA service

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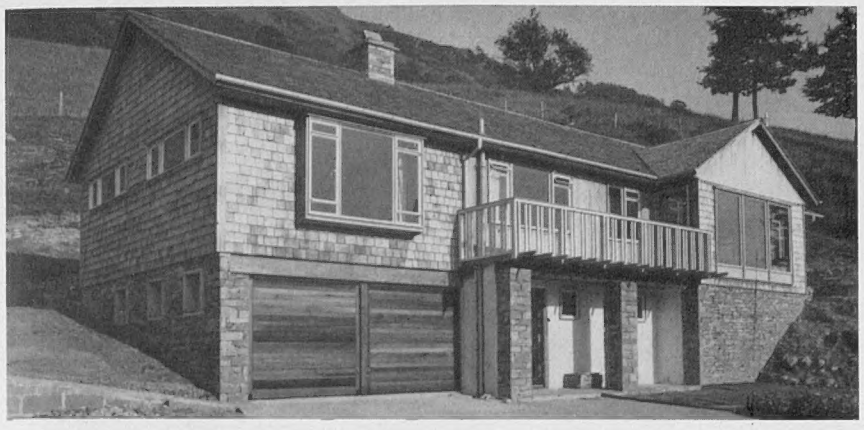

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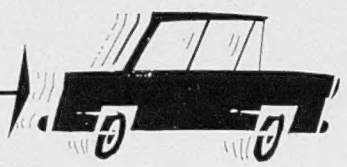

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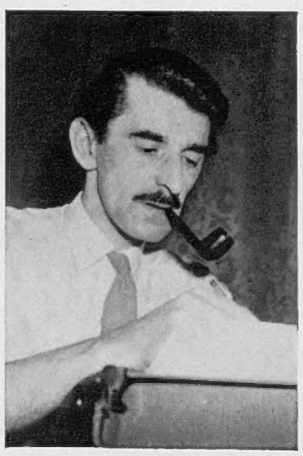

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